

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
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THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XI.

CONTAINING :

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

. *PART III.*

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K I N G H E N R Y V I.

P A R T I I.

УЧЕНИКЪ

И

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth* :

Humphrey, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle.*

Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of Winchester, great
Uncle to the King.*

Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York* :

Edward and Richard, *his sons.*

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Buckingham,

Lord Clifford,

Young Clifford, his son.

} *of the King's party.*

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick,

} *of the York faction.*

Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower, Lord Say.

*Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother. Sir
John Stanley.*

*A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate,
and Walter Whitmore.*

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. Vaux.

Hume and Southwell, two priests.

*Bolingbroke, a Conjuror. A spirit raised by
him.*

Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

Jack Cade, a Rebel:

George, John, Dick, Smith, *the Weaver*, Michael, &c. *his followers*.

Alexander Iden, *a Kentish Gentleman*.

Margaret, *Queen to King Henry*.

Eleanor, *Duchess of Gloster*.

Margery Jourdain, *a Witch*. *Wife to Simpcox*.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various parts of England.*

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Fourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours, —
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and
Alençon,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, and twenty reverend Bishops, —
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly Peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever Marquess gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, Queen
Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
' A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
' If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

' *Q. Mar.* Great King of England, and my
gracious Lord;

' The mutual conference that my mind hath
had —

' By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

' In courtly company, or at my beads, —

' With you mine alder-lieftest Sovereign,

' Makes me the bolder to salute my King

' With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

' And over-joy of heart doth minister.

' *K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace
in speech,

' Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

' Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping
joys;

' Such is the fulness of my heart's content. —

' Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my
love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, Englands hap-
piness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the French King Charles.

' For eighteen months conclud'd by consent.

Glo. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between*

the French King, Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — Item, — That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her father —

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, — *It is further agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the King her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord Marquess, kneel down;

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. —

Cousin of York, we here discharge your Grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd. —
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and
Buckinham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*

Glo. Brave Peers of England, pillars of the state,
 ' To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
 ' Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 ' What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 ' His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
 ' Did he so often lodge in open field,
 ' In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 ' To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 ' And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 ' To keep by policy what Henry got?
 ' Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 ' Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 ' Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 ' Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
 ' With all the learned council of the realm,
 ' Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
 ' Early and late, debating to and fro
 ' How France and Frenchmen might be kept
 in awe?

' And hath his Highness in his infancy
 ' Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;
 ' And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 ' Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 ' Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 ' O Peers of England, shameful is this league!
 ' Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
 ' Blotting your names from books of memory;
 ' Razing the characters of your renown;
 ' Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
 ' Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

' For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
* But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
' Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
* Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died
for all,

* These counties were the keys of Normandy: —
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

' *War.* For grief that they are past recovery:
' For, were there hope to conquer them again,
' My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes
no tears.

' Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
' Those provinces these arms of mine did
conquer:

' And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
' Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

' Mort Dieu!

* *York.* For Suffolk's Duke — may he be
suffocate,

* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
* France should have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league.
' I never read but England's Kings have had
' Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their
wives:

' And our King Henry gives away his own,
' To match with her that brings no vantages.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
* For costs and charges in transporting her!
* She should have staid in France, and starv'd
in France,

* Before —

* *Car.* My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

* *Glo.* My Lord of Winchester, I know your
mind;

‘ ’Tis not my speeches that you do mislike.

‘ But ’tis my presence that doth trouble you,

‘ Rancour will out: Proud Prefate, in thy face

‘ I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

‘ We shall begin our ancient bickerings, —

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone.

I prophesy’d — France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.

’Tis known to you he is mine enemy:

* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

* And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.

* Consider Lords, — he is the next of blood,

* And heir apparent to the English crown;

* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west.

* There’s reason he should be displeas’d at it.

* Look to it, Lords; let not his smoothing words

* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

‘ What though the common people favour him,

‘ Calling him — *Humphrey the good Duke of
Gloster;*

‘ Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
voice —

‘ *Jesu maintain your royal Excellence!*

‘ *With—God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!*

‘ I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloss,

‘ He will be found a dangerous Protector,

* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our So-
vereign,

* He being of age to govern of himself? —

‘ Cousin of Somerset, join you with me.

‘ And all together, — with the Duke of Suffolk, —

‘ We’ll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from
his seat.

* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;

* I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

* *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,

* And greatness of his place be grief to us,

* Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal;

* His insolence is more intolerable

* Than all the Princes in the land beside;

* If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be Protector,

* Despight Duke Humphrey, or the Cardinal.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

* While these do labour for their own preferment,

* Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

* I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster

* Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

* Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal —

* More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,

* As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, —

* Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

* Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —

* Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!

* Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

* Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

* Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey. —

* And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

* In bringing them to civil discipline;

* Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

* When thou wert regent for our Sovereign,

* Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people: —

* Join we together, for the publick good;

' In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 ' The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
 ' With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition :
 ' And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
 deeds,
 ' While they do tend the profit of the land.

* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves
 the land,

* And common profit of his country!

* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest
 cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look
 unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick
 did win,

* And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
 Maine;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

* Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :

* Suffolk concluded on the articles;

* The Peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,

* To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair
 daughter.

* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?

* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

* Pirates may make cheap penny worth's of their
 pillage,

* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,

* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :

* While as the silly owner of the goods

* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,

* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Ireland,

* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd.
* Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

And day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
Queen,

And Humphrey with the Peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's house.

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

- Duch.* Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,
* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
* What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the same.
* Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
* What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never more abase our sight so low,
* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
* *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
* Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
* And may that thought, when I imagine ill
* Against my King and nephew, virtuous Henry,
* Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
* My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
* *Duch.* What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
* With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,

' You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
' Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go. — Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

' *Duch.* Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]

' Follow I must, I cannot go before,

* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

* Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,

* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

* And, being a woman, I will not be slack

* To play my part in fortuna's pageant.

' Where are you there? Sir John! ay, fear
not, man,

' We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal Majesty!

' *Duch.* What say'st thou, Majesty! I am but
Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

' Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

' *Hume.* This they have promised, — to show
your Highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

' That shall make answer to such questions,

' As

‘ As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

‘ *Duch.* It is enough; I’ll think upon the questions:

‘ When from saint Albans we do make return,

‘ We’ll see these things effected to the full.

‘ Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,

‘ With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit* Duchess.

* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the Duchess’ gold;

‘ Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?

‘ Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!

‘ The business asketh silent secrecy.

* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:

* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

‘ Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

‘ I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,

‘ And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;

‘ Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

‘ They, knowing dame Eleanor’s aspiring humour,

‘ Have hired me to undermine the Duchess,

‘ And buz these conjurations in her brain.

* They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;

* Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal’s broker.

* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

* To call them both — a pair of crafty knaves.

* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,

* Hume’s knavery will be the Duchess’ wreck;

* And her attainture will be Humphrey’s fall:

* Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close; my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2. *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.

* 1. *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him; I'll be the first, sure.

2. *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

Pet. I pray, my Lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord Protector.

Q. Mar. [reading the superscription.] *To my Lord Protector!* are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. — What's your's? — What's here! [reads.] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.* — How now, sir knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

* *Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

* *Peter.* That my master was! No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*] — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: — we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

* *Q. Mar.* And as you that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
* Begin your suits anew; and sue to him.

[*tears the petitions.*]

* Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

* *All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

* *Q. Mar.* My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

* Is this the fashion in the court of England?

* Is this the government of Britain's isle,

* And this the royalty of Albion's King?

* What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

* Under the surly Gloster's governance?

* Am I a Queen in title and in style,

* And must be made a subject to a Duke?

* I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

* Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

* And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

* I thought, King Henry had resembled thee,

* In courage, courtship, and proportion:

* But all his mind is bent to holiness,

* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

* His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;

* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 * That she will light to listen to the lays,
 * And never mount to trouble you again.
 * So, let her rest: And, Madam, list to me;
 * For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 * Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 * Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 * Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 * As for the Duke of York, — this late complaint
 * Will make but little for his benefit:
 * So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 * And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble Lords, I care
not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in
France,

Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea,
or no,

Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son; ——— and show some reason,
Buckingham,

* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the King, forsooth, will
have it so.

* *Glo.* Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's
matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your
Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

* *Glo.* Madam, I am Protector of the realm;

* And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

* *Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence,

* Since thou wert King, (as who is King, but thou?)

* The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;

* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

* And all the Peers and Nobles of the realm

* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags.

* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
attire,

* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,

* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

* And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in
France, —

* If they were known, as the suspect is great, —

* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.

* Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

[gives the Duchess a box on the ear.

* I cry you, mercy; Madam, Was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against
her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good King, look
to't in time;

* She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

* Though in this place most master wear no
breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit Duchess.]

* *Buck.* Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

* She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs;

* She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, Lords, my choler being over-
blown

* With walking once about the quadrangle,

* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

* As for your spiteful false objections,

* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

* As I in duty love my King and country!

* But, to the matter that we have in hand: —

* I say, my Sovereign, York is meetest man

* To be your regent in the realm of France.

* *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave

* To show some reason, of no little force,

* That York is most unmeet of any man.

* *York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

' First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :
 * Next, if I be appointed for the place,
 * My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
 * Without discharge, money, or furniture,
 * Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
 * Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
 * Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
 * *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
 * Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my
 peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HOR-
NER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
 Pray God, the Duke of York excuse himself!

* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell
 me: What are these?

' *Suf.* Please it your Majesty, this is the man
 ' That doth accuse his master of high treason:
 ' His words were these; — that Richard, Duke
 of York,

' Was rightful heir unto the English crown;

' And that your Majesty was an usurper.

' *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your Majesty, I never
 said nor thought any such matter: God is my
 witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

' *Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding*
 ' *up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the
 ' garret one night, as we were scouring my lord
 ' of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech : —
 ' I do beseech your royal Majesty,
 ' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my Lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

' *Glo.* This doom, my Lord, if I may judge.
 ' Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
 ' Because in York this breeds suspicion:
 ' And let these have a day appointed them
 ' For single combat, in convenient place;
 ' For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
 ' This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My Lord of Somerset, We make your Grace lord Regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; *for God's
 * sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaieth
 * against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me!
 * I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord,
 * my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

' *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day

' Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —

* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,
and BOLINGBROKE.*

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the Duchess, I
* tell you, expects performance of your pro-
* mises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore
provided:

* Will her Ladyship behold and hear our exor-
cisms?

* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her
courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be
* a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall
* be convenient, master Hume, that you be by
* her aloft, while we be busy below; and so,
* I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us.
* [*Exit Hume.*] 'Mother Jourdain, be you pro-
strate, and grovel on the earth: — * John
* Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above.

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome
* all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good Lady; wizards know
their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night;
' The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
' The time when scritch-owls cry, and bandogs
howl,
' And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their
graves,

‘ That time best fits the work we have in hand.
 ‘ Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
 ‘ We will make fast within a hallow’d verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.]

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmaith,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power

* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt: — That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the King. What shall of him become?

[Reading out of a paper.]

Spir. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]

Boling. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

‘ Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

‘ *Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake;

‘ False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with
their guards, and others.*

‘ *York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and
their trash.

‘ Beldame, I think, we watch’d you at an inch. —

‘ What, Madam, are you there? the King and
commonweal

‘ Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

‘ My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

‘ See you well guerdon’d for these good deserts.

* *Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England’s
King,

* Injurious Duke; that threat’st where is no cause.

* *Buck.* True, Madam, none at all. What
call you this?

[*Shewing her the papers.*

‘ Away with them; let them be clapp’d up close,

‘ And kept asunder: — You, Madam, shall
with us: —

‘ Stafford, take her to thee. —

[*Exit Duchess from above.*

‘ We’ll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;

‘ All. — Away! [*Exeunt guards, with SOUTH.
BOLINGROKE, &c.*

* *York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you
watch’d her well:

* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my Lord, let’s see the devil’s writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads,*

The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

* Why, this is just,

* *Aio te, Aeacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end. —

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset? —

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

* Come, come, my Lords;

* These oracles are hardly attain'd,

* And hardly understood.

‘ The King is now in progress towards saint
Albans,

‘ With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

‘ Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
them;

‘ A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

‘ *Buck.* Your Grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York,

‘ To be the post, in hope of his reward.

‘ *York.* At your pleasure, my good Lord. —

‘ Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

‘ Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

‘ To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away!

[*Exeunt.*

SECOND PART OF
ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER,
Cardinal, SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

‘ *Q. Mar.* Believe me, Lords, for flying at
the brook,

‘ I saw not better sport these seven years’ day :

‘ Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

‘ *K. Hen.* But what a point, my Lord, your
falcon made,

‘ And what a pitch she flew above the rest! —

‘ To see how God in all his creatures works !

* Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high,

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,

My Lord Protector’s hawks do tower so well ;

They know, their master loves to be aloft,

* And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pitch,

‘ *Glo.* My Lord, ’tis but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

‘ *Car.* I thought as much; he’d be above the
clouds.

‘ *Glo.* Ay, my Lord Cardinal; How think you
by that?

Were it not good, your Grace could fly to hea-
ven?

* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

‘ *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts

‘ Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,

That smooth’st it so with King and commonweal!

‘ *Glo.* What, Cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peréptory?

* *Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?*

‘ Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such
malice;

‘ With such holiness can you do it?

‘ *Suf.* No malice, Sir; no more than well be-
comes

‘ So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my Lord;

An’t like your lordly Lord-Protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine in-
solence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr’ythee, peace,

Good Queen; and whet not on these furious Peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glo. ‘Faith, holy uncle, ‘would ‘twere come
to that! [*Aside to the Cardinal.*

‘ *Car.* Marry, when thou dar’st. [*Aside.*

‘ *Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,

‘ In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

‘ *Car.* Ay, where thou dar’st not peep: an if
thou dar’st,

‘ This evening, on the east side of the grove.

[*Aside.*

‘ *K. Hen.* How now, my Lords?

‘ *Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly;

‘ We had had more sport. — Come with thy two-
hand sword. [*Aside to Glo.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my Lord. —

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

* Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

* *Car. Medice teipsum;*

* Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. } *Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, Lords,

* How irksome is this musick to my heart!

* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

* I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying,
A Miracle!*

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A Miracle! a Miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

* Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his wife and a great multitude following.

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,
To

* To present your Highness with the man.

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly
vale,

* Although by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

* *Glo.* Stand by, my Masters, bring him near
the King,

* His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the cir-
cumstance,

* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your Worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st
have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your
Grace.

* *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath
been great to thee:

* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou
here by chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

* *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being
call'd

* A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

* By good saint Alban; who said, — *Simpcox,*
come;

* Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time
and oft

* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, Master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, Master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

* *Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

' *Simp.* Alas, good Master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

' And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve. —

' Let me see thine eyes: — wink now; — now open them: —

' In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

' *Simp.* Yes, Master, clear as day; I thank God, and saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, Master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, Master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,
master.

Glo. Then Saunder, sit thou there, the lying'st
knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, 's impossible. ———

My Lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, Master, that you could!

Glo. My Masters of Saint Albans, have you not
beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exeunt an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.
[*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you
mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me
over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your

legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, Master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hat hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!*

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

* *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a Miracle to-day.

* *Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

* *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
* You made, in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

* *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

* *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

* A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, —

* Under the countenance and confederacy

* Of lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,

' The ringleader and head of all this rout, —
 ' Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
 ' Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
 ' Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
 ' Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
 ' Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
 ' And other of your Highness' privy council,
 ' As more at large your Grace shall understand.
 ' *Car.* And so my Lord Protector, by this means
 ' Your Lady is forthcoming yet at London.
 ' This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
 edge;

' 'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.
 [Aside to GLOSTER.

' *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict
 my heart!

* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
 * And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 * Or to the meanest groom.

* *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the
 wicked ones;

* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of
 thy nest;

* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

' *Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do
 appeal,

' How I have lov'd my King, and commonweal:

' And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

' Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

' Noble she is; but, if she have forgot

' Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such

' As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

' I banish her, my bed, and company;

' And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

' That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:

‘ To-morrow, toward London, back again,

' To look into this business thoroughly,

‘ And call these foul offenders to their answers;

‘And poise the cause in justice’ equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and
Warwick,

‘ Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

‘ In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

* *Sal.* My Lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim
be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus: —

‘ Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:

‘ The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of
Wales;

' The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

'Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster:

The fifth, was Edmond Langley, Duke of York;

The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke
of Gloster;

- ‘ William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
 ‘ Edward, the Black Prince, died before his
 father;
 ‘ And left behind him Richard, his only son,
 ‘ Who, after Edward the Third’s death, reign’d
 as King;
 ‘ Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
 ‘ The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 ‘ Crown’d by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 ‘ Seiz’d on the realm; depos’d the rightful King;
 ‘ Sent his poor Queen to France, from whence
 she came,
 ‘ And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
 ‘ Harmless Richard was murder’d traiterously.
 * *War.* Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
 * Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
 * *York.* Which now they hold by force, and
 not by right;
 * For Richard, the first son’s heir, being dead,
 * The issue of the next son should have reign’d.
 * *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without
 an heir.
 * *York.* The third son, Duke of Clarence,
 (from whose line
 * I claim the crown,) had issue — Philippe, a
 daughter,
 * Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
 March.
 * Edmund had issue — Roger, Earl of March:
 * Roger had issue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
 ‘ *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
 broke,
 ‘ As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 ‘ And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King,
 ‘ Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
 * But, to the rest.

- * That virtuous Prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
- * 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
- * Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

* *Sal.* My Lord, break we off; we know your
mind at full.

* *War.* My heart assures me, that the Earl of
Warwick

* Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

* *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself. —

* Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick

* The greatest man in England, but the King.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The same. A Hall of justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

* *K. Hen.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cob-
ham, Gloster's wife:

* In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;

* Receive the sentence of the law, for sins

* Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —

* You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*to Jourd. &c.*

* From thence, unto the place of execution:

* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,

* And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows. —

' You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
 [to the Duchess.
 ' Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 ' Shall, after three days' open penance done,
 ' Live in your country here, in banishment,
 ' With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

' *Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome
 were my death.

* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath
 judged thee;

* I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
 [*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prison-
 ers, guarded.*

' Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

' Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

' Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —

' I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;

' Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

' *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster:
 ere thou go,

' Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself

' Protector be: and God shall be my hope,

' My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;

' And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,

' Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a King of
 years

* Should be to be protected like a child. —

' God and King Henry govern England's helm:

' Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

' *Glo.* My staff? — here, noble Henry, is
 my staff:

' As willingly do I the same resign,

' As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

‘ Farewel, good King: When I am dead and
gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

‘ *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry King, and
Margaret Queen;

* And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himself,

* That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at
once, —

* His lady banish’d, and a limb lopp’d off;

* This staff of honour raught: — ‘ There let it
stand,

‘ Where it best fits to be, in Henry’s hand.

* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs
his sprays;

* Thus Eleanor’s pride dies in her youngest days.

‘ *York.* Lords, let him go. — Please it your
Majesty,

‘ This is the day appointed for the combat;

‘ And ready are the appellant and defendant,

‘ The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,

‘ So please your Highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my Lord; for purposely
therefore

* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

‘ *K. Hen.* O’ God’s name, see the lists and
all things fit;

‘ Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

* *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,

* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,

* The servant of this armourer, my Lords.

➤ *Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours,
drinking to him so much that he is drunk;
and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-
bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at*

the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3. *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for * me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken * my last draught in this world. * — Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. — O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave,

and myself an honest man: * and touching the Duke of York, — will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

* *York.* Despatch: — this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants. [*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his master.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*]

* *York.* Take away his weapon: — Fellow, * thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

* *Pet.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-
fully. —

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

* *Glo.* Thus sometimes, hath the brightest day
a cloud;

* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
 * Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
 * So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. —
 Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

* *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
 ' To watch the coming of my punish'd Duchess:
 ' Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 ' To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 The abject people, gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
 * But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
 * My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a sheriff, and officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her
 from the sheriff.

* *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her
 pass by.

Duch. Come you, my Lord, to see my open
 shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they
 gaze!

* See, how the giddy multitude do point,
 * And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on
 thee!

* Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
 * And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this land,
'Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;

* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

'Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the
world;

* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a Prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Duchess,

'Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all

'With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all, —

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false
priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle
thee:

* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all
awry;

* I must offend, before I be attainted:

* And had I twenty times so many foes,

* And each of them had twenty times their
power,

* All these could not procure me any scathe,

* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

‘ Would’st have me rescue thee from this re-
proach?

‘ Why, yet thy scandal were not wip’d away,

‘ But I in danger for the breach of law.

‘ Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

‘ I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

‘ These few days’ wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty’s
parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next
month.

Glo. And my consent ne’er ask’d herein before!
This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there.
[*Exit. Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave: — and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King’s com-
mission.

‘ *Sher.* An’t please your Grace, here my com-
mission stays:

‘ And Sir John Stanley is appointed now

‘ To take her with him to the isle of Man.

‘ *Glo.* Must you, Sir John, protect my lady
here?

‘ *Stan.* So am I given in charge, may’t please
your Grace,

Glo.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my Lord; and bid me not
farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to
speak. [*Exeunt GLOSTER, and Servants.*]

Duch. Art thou gone too? * All comfort go
with thee!

* For none abides with me: my joy is — death;
* Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
* Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —

Stanley, I prythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

* *Stan.* Why, Madam, that is to the isle of
Man;

* There to be us'd according to your state.

* *Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but
reproach;

* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

* *Stan.* Like to a Duchess, and Duke Hum-
phrey's lady,

* According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I
fare;

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, Madam, par-
don me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is dis-
charg'd. —

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw
off this sheet:

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

* And show itself, attire me how you can.

* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

K. Hen. I muse, my Lord of Gloster is not come:

* 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
* Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe

* The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

* With what a majesty he bears himself;

* How insolent of late he is become,

* How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?

* We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

* And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

* Immediately he was upon his knee,

* That all the court admir'd him for submission:

* But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

* When every one will give the time of day,

* He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,

* And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

' Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
' Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
' But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
' And Humphrey is no little man in England.
' First, note, that he is near you in descent;
' And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
' Me seemeth then, it is no policy, —
' Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
' And his advantage following your decease, —
' That he should come about your royal person,
' Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
' By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
' And, when he please to make commotion,
' 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
' Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;
' Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the
garden,
' And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
' The reverent care, I bear unto my Lord,
' Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
' If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
' Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
' I will subscribe, and say — I wrong'd the Duke.
' My Lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, — and
York, —
' Reprove my allegation, if you can;
' Or else conclude my words effectual.
' *Suf.* Well hath your Highness seen into the
Duke;
' And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your Grace's tale.
* The Duchess, by his subornation,
* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
* Or if he were not privy to those faults,
* Yet, by reputing of his high descent,

* (As next the King, he was successive heir,)
* And such high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did instigate the bedlam brainsick Duchess,
* By wicked means to frame our Sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
* And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the
lamb.

No, no, my Sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 * Levy great sums of money through the realm,
 * For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
 * By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tat! these are petty faults to faults unknown.

* Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

* *K. Hen.* My Lords, at once: The care you
have of us,

* To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,

* Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience ?

* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent

* From meaning treason to our royal person,

* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:

* The Duke is virtuous, mild; and too well
given,

* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than
this fond affiance!

* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
* For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

- * Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
- * For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
- * Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
- * Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
- * Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

* *Som.* That all your interest in those territories

* Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

* And caterpillars eat my leaves away:

* But I will remedy this gear ere long,

* Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* All happiness unto my Lord the King!

Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

* Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

* The purest spring is not so free from mud,
 * As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign:
 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took
 bribes of France,

And, being Protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
 By means whereof, his Highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that
 think it?

' I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
 ' Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
 ' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
 ' Ay, night by night, — in studying good for
 England!

' That doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
 ' Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 ' Be brought against me at my trial day!
 ' No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
 ' Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 ' Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
 ' And never ask'd for restitution,

* *Car.* It serves you well, my Lord, to say
 so much.

* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me
 God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was
 Protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;

* For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 * And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
 ' Unless it were a bloody murderer,
 ' Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor pas-
 sengers,

‘ I never gave them cōdign punishment:
‘ Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur’d
‘ Above the felon, or what trespass else.
‘ *Saf.* My Lord, these faults are easy, quickly
 answerd;

‘ But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
‘ Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
‘ I do arrest you in his Highness’ name;
‘ And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
‘ To keep, until your further time of trial.
‘ *K. Hen.* My Lord of Gloster, ’tis my special
 hope,

‘ That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.
‘ *Glo.* Ah, gracious Lord, these days are dan-
 gerous!

* Virtue is chok’d with foul ambition,
* And charity chas’d hence by rancour’s hand;
* Foul subornation is predominant,
* And equity exil’d your Highness’ land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
‘ And, if my death might make this island happy;
‘ And prove the period of their tyranny,
‘ I would expend it with all willingness:
‘ But mine is made the prologue to their play;
‘ For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
‘ Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
‘ Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s
 malice,

‘ And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate;
‘ Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
‘ The envious load that lies upon his heart;
‘ And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
‘ Whose overweening arm I have pluck’d back,
‘ By false accuse doth level at my life: —
‘ And you, my sovereign Lady, with the rest,

' Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
 * And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
 * My liefest Liege to be mine enemy:
 * Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 * Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 * And all to make away my guiltless life:
 ' I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 ' Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 ' The ancient proverb will be effected, —
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My Liege, his railing is intolerable:
 * If those, that care to keep your royal person
 * From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 * Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 * And the offender granted scope of speech,
 * 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 ' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
 ' As if she had suborned some to swear
 ' False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

' *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to
 chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose
 indeed; —
 ' Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me
 false! —

* And well such losers may have leave so speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here
 all day: —

' Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

' *Car.* Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard
 him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his
 crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

' Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

‘ And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee
first.

‘ Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

‘ For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*

K. Hen. My Lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

‘ *Q. Mar.* What, will your Highness leave
the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown’d
with grief,

* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;

* My body round engirt with misery;

* For what’s more miserable than discontent? —

* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

* The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,

* That e’er I prov’d thee false, or fear’d thy
faith.

* What low’ring star now envies thy estate,

* That these great lords, and Margaret our Queen,

* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong:

* And as the butcher takes away the calf,

* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it
strays,

* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;

* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him
hence.

* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

* Looking the way her harmless young one went,

* And can do nought but wail her darling’s loss;

* Even so myself bewails good Gloster’s case,

- * With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
- * Look after him, and cannot do him good;
- * So mighty are his vowed enemies.
- ' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan.
- ' Say — *Who's a traitor*, Gloster *he is none.*
[Exit.

- * Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
- * Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
- * Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
- * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
- * With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
- * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
- * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
- * That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
- * Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
- * (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
- ' This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
- ' To rid us from the fear we have of him.
- * Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
- * But yet we want a colour for his death:
- * 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
- * Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
- * The King will labour still to save his life,
- * The commons haply rise to save his life;
- * And we yet have but trivial argument,
- * More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
- * York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
- ‡ Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for
his death. —

* But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord
of Suffolk, —

* Say as you think, and speak it from your
souls, —

* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set

* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

* As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Pro-
tector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure
of death.

* *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not mad-
ness then,

* To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

* Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

* His guilt should be but idly posted over,

* Because his purpose is not executed,

* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

* By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;

* Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;

* As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my Liege.

* And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:

* Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

* Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,

* So he be dead; for that is good deceit

* Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolute-
ly spoke.

* *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were
done;

* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—

* Seeing the deed is meritorious,

* And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe, —

* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

- * *Car.* But I would have him dead, my Lord
of Suffolk,
- * Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
- * Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
- * And I'll provide his executioner,
- * I tender so the safety of my Liege.
- * *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing.
- * *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
- * *York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it,
- * It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

- * *Mes.* Great Lords, from Ireland am I come
again,
- * To signify — that rebels there are up,
- * And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
- * Send succours, Lords, and stop the rage be-
time,
- * Before the wound do grow uncurable;
- * For, being green, there is great hope of help.
- * *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient
stop!
- * What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
- * *York.* That Somerset be sent as Regent
thither:
- * 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
- * Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
- * *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,
- * Had been the Regent there instead of me,
- * He never would have staid in France so long.
- * *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done:
- * I rather would have lost my life betimes,
- * Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

- * By staying there so long, till all were lost.
- * Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
- * Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
- * *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a
raving fire,
- * If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with: —
- * No more, good York; — sweet Somerset, be
still: —
- * Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent
there,
- * Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a
shame take all!
- * *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishes
shame!
- * *Car.* My Lord of York, try what your for-
tune is.
- * The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
- * And temper clay with the blood of Englishmen:
- * To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
- * Collected choicely, from each county some,
- * And try your hap against the Irishmen?
- * *York.* I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.
- * *Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent;
- * And, what we do establish, he confirms:
- * Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
- * *York.* I am content: Provide me soldiers,
Lords,
- * Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
- * *Suf.* A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.
- * But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
- * *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with
him,
- * That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
- * And so break off; the day is almost spent:

‘ Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that
event.

‘ *York.* My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
days,

‘ At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

‘ For there I’ll ship them all for Ireland.

‘ *Suf.* I’ll see it truly done, my Lord of York;
[*Exeunt all but YORK.*

‘ *York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fear-
ful thoughts,

‘ And change misdoubt to resolution:

* Be that thou hop’st to be; or what thou art

* Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:

* Let pale-fac’d fear keep with the mean-born
man,

* And find no harbour in a royal heart.

* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
on thought;

* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

* My brain, more busy than the labouring
spider,

* Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

* Well, Nobles, well; ’tis politickly done,

* To send me packing with an host of men:

* I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,

* Who, cherish’d in your breasts, will sting your
hearts,

’Twas men I lack’d, and you will give them me:

‘ I take it kindly; yet, be well assur’d

‘ You put sharp weapons in a madman’s hands.

‘ Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band.

* I will stir up in England some black storm,

* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or
hell:

* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

* Until the golden circuit on my head,

* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
' And, for a minister of my intent,
' I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
' John Cade of Ashford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
* Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;
* And fought so long, till that his thighs with
 darts
* Were almost like a sharp quill'd porcupine:
* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
* Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,
* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,
* Hath he conversed with the enemy;
* And undiscover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villainies.
* This devil here shall be my substitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble;
' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the house and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him say — I mov'd him to those
 arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my
 strength,
' And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

- * 1. *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
- * We have despatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
- * 2. *Mur.* O, that it were to do! — What have we done?
- * Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

- * 1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
- * *Suf.* Now, Sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
- * 1. *Mur.* Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.
- * *Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
- * I will reward you for this venturous deed.
- * The King and all the Peers are here at hand:—
- * Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
- * According as I gave directions?
- * 1. *Mur.* 'Tis, my good Lord.
- * *Suf.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.

- * *K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
- * Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,

If

‘ If he be guilty, as ’tis published.

‘ *Suf.* I’ll call him presently, my noble Lord.

[*Exit.*

‘ *K. Hen.* Lords, take your places; — And,
I pray you all,

‘ Proceed no straiter ’gainst our uncle Gloster,

‘ Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

‘ He be approv’d in practice culpable.

* *Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice should
prevail,

* That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

* *K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words
content me much. —

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

‘ How now? why look’st thou pale? why trem-
blest thou?

‘ Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suf-
folk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord; Gloster is
dead.

* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

* *Car.* God’s secret judgement: — I did dream
to-night,

* The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a
word. [*The King swoons.*

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my Lord? — Help, Lords!
the King is dead.

* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the
nose.

* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry,
ope thine eyes!

* *Suf.* He doth revive again; — Madam, be
patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk com-
fort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

‘ By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

‘ Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

‘ Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

‘ Sits, in grim Majesty, to fright the world.

‘ Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-
ing: —

‘ Yet do not go away; — Come, basilisk,

‘ And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

* For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk
thus?

* Although the Duke was enemy to him,

* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:

* And for myself, — foe as he was to me,

* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

* I would be blind with weeping, sick with
groans,

* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking
sighs,

* And all to have the noble Duke alive.

‘ What know I how the world may deem of me?

‘ For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
 ‘ It may be judg’d, I made the Duke away:
 * So shall my name with slander’s tongue be
 wounded,

* And Princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach.

* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!

* To be a Queen, and crown’d with infamy!

‘ *K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretch-
 ed man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than
 he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.

* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster’s tomb?

* Why, then dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy:

* Erect his statue then, and worship it,

* And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck’d upon the sea:

‘ And twice by aukward wind from England’s
 bank

‘ Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind

Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion’s nest,

* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

* What did I then, but curs’d the gentle gusts,

* And he that loos’d them from their brazen
 caves;

* And bid them blow towards England’s blessed
 shore,

* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

* Yet Aeolus would not be a murderer,

* But left that hateful office unto thee:

* The pretty vaulting sea refus’d to drown me;

- * Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd
on shore
- * With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-
ness:
- * The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
- * And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
- * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
- * Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
- * And far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
- * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
- * I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
- * And when the dusky sky began to rob
- * My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
- * I took a costly jewel from my neck, —
- * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, —
- * And threw it towards thy land; the sea re-
ceiv'd it;
- * And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
- * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
- * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
- * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
- * For loosing ken of Albion's wished coast.
- * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
- * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
- * To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
- * When he to madding Dido, would unfold
- * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
- * Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false
like him?
- * Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
- * For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.

The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,

‘ That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is
murder’d

‘ By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort’s means.

‘ The commons, like an angry hive of bees,

‘ That want their leader, scatter up and down,

‘ And care not who they sting in his revenge.

‘ Myself have calm’d their splendid mutiny,

‘ Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, ’tis
too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:

‘ Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

‘ And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: — Stay,
Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes into an inner room, and
Salisbury retires.*]

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts;

* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,

* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey’s
life!

* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;

* For judgement only doth belong to thee!

* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips

* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain

* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;

* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:

* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;

* And, to survey his dead and earthy image,

* What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER, is discovered dead in his bed: WARWICK and Others standing by it.

* *War.* Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view
this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave
is made:

* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;

* For seeing him, I see my life in death.

‘ *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
‘ With that dread King, that took our state
upon him

‘ To free us from his Father’s wrathful curse,

‘ I do believe that violent hands were laid

‘ Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!

‘ What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

‘ *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his
face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,

‘ Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and blood-
less,

‘ Being all descended to the labouring heart;

‘ Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,

‘ Attracts the same for aidance ’gainst the enemy;

‘ Which with the heart there cools, and ne’er
returneth

‘ To blush and beautify the cheek again.

‘ But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;

‘ His eyeballs further out than when he liv’d,

‘ Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:

‘ His hair uprear’d, his nostrils stretch’d with
struggling;

‘ His hands abroad display’d, as on that grasp’d
‘ And tugg’d for life, and was by strength
subdu’d.

‘ Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is
sticking;

‘ His well-proportion’d beard made rough and
rugged,

‘ Like to the summer’s corn by tempest lodg’d.

‘ It cannot be, but he was murder’d here;

‘ The least of all these signs were probable.

‘ *Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the
Duke to death?

‘ Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;

‘ And we, I hope, Sir, are no murderers.

‘ *War.* But both of you were vow’d Duke Hum-
phrey’s foes;

‘ And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep:

‘ ’Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;

‘ And ’tis well seen, he found an enemy.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these
noblemen

‘ As guilty of Duke Humphrey’s timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleed-
ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect, ’twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock’s nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where’s
your knife?

Is Beaufort term’d a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping
men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dares him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may
I say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demean-
our!

If ever lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crabtree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say — it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

* And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;

* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

* *K. Hen.* Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

* Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? —

* Why what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the King shall know your mind. — [*Speaking to those within.*

Dread Lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,

‘ They will by violence tear him from your
palace,

* And torture him with grievous ling’ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey
died;

‘ They say, in him they fear your Highness’
death;

‘ And mere instinct of love, and loyalty, —

‘ Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

‘ As being thought to contradict your liking, —

‘ Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

* They say, in care of your most royal person,

* That, if your Highness should intend to sleep,

* And charge — that no man should disturb
your rest,

* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;

* Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

* That slily glided towards your Majesty,

* It were but necessary you were wak’d;

* Lest, being suffer’d in that harmful slumber,

* The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:

* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

* That they will guard you, whe’r you will,
or no,

* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;

* With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [within.] An answer from the King,
my Lord of Salisbury.

Suf. ’Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish’d
hinds,

Could send such message to their Sovereign:

But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ’d,

To show how quaint an orator you are:

But all the honor Salisbury hath won,
Is — that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Commons. [within.] An answer from the King,
or we'll all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all
from me,

‘ I thank them for their tender loving care:
‘ And had I not been ’cited so by them.
‘ Yet did I purpose as they do intreat;
‘ For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy
‘ Mischance unto my state by Suffolk’s means.
‘ And therefore, — by his Majesty I swear,
‘ Whose far unworthy deputy I am, —
‘ He shall not breathe infection in this air
‘ But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

‘ *Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle
Suffolk!

‘ *K. Hen.* Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle
Suffolk.

‘ No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
‘ Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
‘ Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
‘ But, when I swear, it is irrevocable: —
* If after three days’ space, thou here be’st found
* On any ground that I am ruler of,
* The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
‘ Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go
with me;

‘ I have great matters to impart to thee,

[Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]

‘ *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along
with you!

‘ Heart’s discontent, and sour affliction,

‘ Be playfellow’s to keep you company!

‘ There’s two of you; the devil make a third!
 ‘ And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
 * *Suf.* Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
 * And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-heart-
 ed wretch!

‘ Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I
 curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake’s groan,

‘ I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver’d strongly through my fixed teeth,

‘ With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-fac’d Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix’d on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden’d heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
 taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards’ stings!

Their musick, frightful as the serpent’s hiss:

And boding scritch owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou tor-
 ment’st thyself;

* And these dread curses — like the sun ’gainst
 glass,

* Or like an overcharged gun, — recoil,

* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give
me thy hand,

* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

* To wash away my woeful monuments.

* O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*kisses his hand.*]

* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

* Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee!

* So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

* 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

* I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

* Adventure to be banished myself:

* And banished I am, if but from thee.

* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone. —

* O, go not yet! — Even thus two friends con-
demn'd

* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
leaves,

* Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee,

* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

* A wilderness is populous enough,

* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

* For where thou art, there is the world itself,

- * With every several pleasure in the world;
- * And where thou art not, desolation.
- * I can no more: — Live thou to joy thy life;
- * Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

* *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?

* *Vaux.* To signify unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch
the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's
ghost

* Were by his side; sometime, he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his over-charged soul:
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

* *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the King. [*Exit Vaux.*]

* Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?

* But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my
sorrows?

* Now, get thee hence: The King, thou know'st,
is coming;

* If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

* *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

‘ And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
‘ As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother’s dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
‘ And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
‘ To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
‘ So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
‘ Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv’d in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful
corrosive,

‘ It is applied to a deathful wound.

‘ To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from
thee;

‘ For wheresoe’er thou art in this world’s globe,
I’ll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

— *Suf.* I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock’d into the woeful’st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.*

Enter Kind HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.

* *K. Hen.* How fares my Lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy Sovereign.

* *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

* Enough to purchase such another island,

* So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

* Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

* O! torture me no more, I will confess. —

* Alive again? then show me where he is;

* I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. —

* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —

* Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

* Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

* Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

* Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

* *War.*

‘ *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin.

* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God’s good
pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think’st on heaven’s bliss,

‘ Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —

‘ He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive
him!

‘ *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

‘ *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sin-
ners all. —

‘ Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

‘ And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat,
a Captain, a Master, a Master’s-Mate, Wal-
ter Whitmore, and Others; with them SUFFOLK,
and other Gentlemen prisoners.*

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorse-
ful day

* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the
jades

* That drag the tragick melancholy night;

* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
wings

* Clip dead men’s graves, and from their misty
jaws

* Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
 * Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 * For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 * Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 * Or with their blood stain this discolour'd
 shore. —

‘ Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
 ‘ And thou that art his mate, make boot of
 this; —

‘ The other, [*pointing to Suffolk,*] Walter Whit-
 more, is thy share.

‘ 1. *Gent.* What is my ransom, Master? let
 me know.

‘ *Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down
 your head.

‘ *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off
 goes yours.

* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thou-
 sand crowns,

* And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —

* Cut both the villains’ throats; — for die you
 shall;

* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

* Cannot be counterpois’d with such a petty sum.

* 1. *Gent.* I’ll give it, Sir; and therefore spare
 my life.

* 2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for
 it straight.

‘ *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize
 aboard,

‘ And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
 [*to Suf.*

‘ And so should these, if I might have my will.

* *Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him
 live.

‘ *Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

‘ Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

‘ *Whit.* And so am I; my name is — Walter Whitmore.

‘ How now? why start’st thou? what, doth death affright?

‘ *Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

‘ A cunning man did calculate my birth,

‘ And told me — that by *Water* I should die:

‘ Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;

‘ Thy name is — *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

‘ *Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

‘ Ne’er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

‘ But with our sword we wip’d away the blot;

‘ Therefore, when merchantlike I sell revenge,

‘ Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac’d,

‘ And I proclaim’d a coward through the world!
[*lays hold on Suffolk*,

‘ *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a Prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

‘ *Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke;

Jove sometime went disguis’d, And why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

‘ *Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry’s blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

‘ Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss’d thy hand, and held my stirrup?

‘ Bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

‘ And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

- ‘ How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 ‘ Fed from my trencher, kneel’d down at the
 board,
 ‘ When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
 * Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall’n;
 * Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
 * How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 * And duly waited for my coming forth?
 ‘ This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 ‘ And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
 * *Whit.* Speak, Captain, shall I stab the for-
 lorn swain?
 * *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he
 hath me.
 * *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so
 art thou.
 ‘ *Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-
 boat’s side
 ‘ Strike off his head.
 ‘ *Suf.* Thou dar’st not for thy own.
 ‘ *Cap.* Yes, Poole.
 ‘ *Suf.* Poole?
 ‘ *Cap.* Poole? Sir Poole? Lord?
 ‘ Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 ‘ Troubles the silver spring where England
 drinks.
 ‘ Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 ‘ For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
 ‘ Thy lips, that kiss’d the Queen, shall sweep
 the ground;
 ‘ And thou, that smil’dst at good Duke Hum-
 phrey’s death,
 ‘ Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 * Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
 * And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 * For daring to affy a mighty lord

- * Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
- * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
- * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
- * And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
- * With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
- * By thee, Anjon and Maine were sold to France:
- * The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
- * Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
- * Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
- * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
- * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all, —
- * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
vain, —
- * As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
- * And now the house of York — thrust from
the crown,
- * By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
- * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny, —
- * Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful co-
lours
- * Advance with our half-fac'd sun, striving to
shine,
- * Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus.*
- * The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
- * And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
- * Is crept into the palace of our King,
- * And all by thee: — Away, convey him hence.
- * *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder
- * Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
- * Small things make base men proud: 'this vil-
lain here,
- * Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
- * Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
- * Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives:

' It is impossible, that I should die
 ' By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 ' Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
 ' I go of message from the Queen to France;
 ' I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

' *Cap.* Walter, —

' *Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to
thy death.

* *Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus:* — 'tis
thee I fear.

' *Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before
I leave thee.

¿ What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

' 1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord, entreat him,
speak him fair.

' *Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
rough,

' Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

' Far be it, we should honour such as these

' With humble suit: no, rather let my head

' Stoop to the block, than these knees bow
to any,

' Save to the God of heaven, and to my King;

' And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

' Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

* True nobility is exempt from fear: —

* More can I bear, than you dare execute.

' *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no
more.

' *Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
can,

' That this my death may never be forgot!

' Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

' A Roman sworder and banditto slave,

' Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastar'd hand

¿ Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders,

‘ Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit. SUF. with Whitmore and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we
have set,

It is our pleasure, one of them depart: —

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's body.

‘ *Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,

‘ Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

‘ *1. Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

‘ His body will I bear unto the King:

‘ If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

‘ So will the Queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*

S C E N E II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

‘ *Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though
‘ made of a lath; they have been up these two
‘ days.

‘ *John.* They have the more need to sleep
‘ now then.

‘ *Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
‘ to dress the common wealth, and turn it, and
‘ set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.
Well, I say, it was never merry world in Eng-
land, since gentlemen came up.

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regard-
 * ed in handicrafts-men.

* *John.* The nobility think scorn to go in lea-
 * ther aprons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the King's council are no
 * good workmen.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said, — Labour
 * in thy vocation: which is as much as to say,
 * as, — let the magistrates be labouring men;
 * and therefore should we be magistrates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there is no better
 * sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's
 * son, the tanner of Wingham; —

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies,
 * to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher, —

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox,
 * and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver: —

* *Geo.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH,
 the weaver, and others in great number.

* *Cade.* We John Cade, so term'd of our sup-
 * posed father, —

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

* *Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us,
 * inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings
 * and Princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good
' bricklayer. [Aside.

' *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet, —

' *Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife.
[Aside.

' *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter,
and sold many laces. [Aside.

' *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel
' with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at
' home. [Aside.

' *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable
' house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;
and there was he born, under a hedge; for his
father had never a house but the cage. [Aside.

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.
[Aside.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him
whipp'd three market days together. [Aside.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his
coat is of proof. [Aside.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear
of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of
sheep. [Aside.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave,
and vows reformation. There shall be, in Eng-
land, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny:
the three hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I
will make it felony, to drink small beer: all
the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside
shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am
King, (as King I will be) —

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: — there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham?

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boy's copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. He's a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters; — 'Twill go hard with you.

‘ *Cade*. Let me alone: — Dost thou use to
 ‘ write thy name; or hast thou a mark to thyself,
 ‘ like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well
 brought up, that I can write my name.

‘ *All*. He hath confess’d: away with him; he’s
 ‘ a villain, and a traitor.

‘ *Cade*. Away with him, I say: hang him with
 ‘ his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

‘ *Mich*. Where’s our general?

‘ *Cade*. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

‘ *Mich*. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford
 ‘ and his brother are hard by, with the King’s
 ‘ forces.

‘ *Cade*. Stand, villain, stand, or I’ll fell thee
 ‘ down: He shall be encounter’d with a man as
 ‘ good as himself: He is but a knight, is ’a?

‘ *Mich*. No.

‘ *Cade*. To equal him, I will make myself a
 ‘ knight presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer.
 ‘ Now have at him.

*Enter sir Humphrey STAFFORD, and William his
 Brother, with drum and forces.*

* *Staf*. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum
 of Kent,

* Mark’d for the gallows, — lay your weapons
 down,

* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; —

* The King is merciful, if you revolt.

* *W. Staf*. But angry, wrathful, and inclin’d
 to blood,

* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass
not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope reign;

* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

* *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;

* And thou thyself, a sheerman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

* *W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer,
Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter; Did
he not?

* *Staf.* Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

* *Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say
'tis true:

* The elder of them, being put to nurse,

* Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

* And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

* Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

* His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be
King.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's
house, and the bricks are alive at this day to tes-
tify it; therefore, deny it not.

* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's
words,

* That speaks he knows not what?

* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye
gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath
taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself.
 [*Aside.*] — Go to, sirrah, Tell the King from
 me, that — for his father's sake, Henry the fifth,
 in whose time boys went to span-counter for
 French crowns, — I am content he shall reign;
 but I'll be Protector over him.

' *Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord
 Say's head, for selling the dukedome of Maine.

' *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is Eng-
 land maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but
 that my puissance holds it up. Fellow Kings,
 I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the
 commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and
 more than that he can speak French, and there-
 fore he is a traitor.

' *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

' *Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The French-
 men are our enemies: go to then, I ask but
 this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an
 enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his
 head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will
 not prevail,

* Assail them with the army of the King.

' *Staf.* Herald, away; and, throughout every
 town,

' Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
 That those, which fly before the battle ends,
 May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
 Be hang'd up for example at their doors: —
 And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.
 [*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and forces.*]

* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons,
 follow me. —

* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
* For they are thrifty honest men, and such
* As would (but that they dare not,) take our
parts.

* *Dick*. They are all in order, and march to-
* ward us.

* *Cade*. But then are we in order, when we are
* most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

*Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight,
and both the Staffords are slain.*

'Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

' *Dick*. Here, Sir.

‘ *Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and
‘ oxen, and thou behav’dst thyself as if thou hadst
‘ been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore
‘ thus will I reward thee, — The Lent shall be
‘ as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a
‘ licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

' *Dick.* I desire no more.

* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st
* no less. This monument of the victory will I
* bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my
* horse' heels, till I do come to London, where
* we will have the mayor's sword borne be-
* fore us.

* *Dick*. If we mean to thrive and do good,
* break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

- * *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
 * let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

- * *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard — that grief softens the mind,
 * And makes it fearful and degenerate;
 * Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
 * But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
 * Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
 * But where's the body that I should embrace?

* *Buck.* What answer makes your Grace to the
 'rebels' supplication?

* *K. Hen.* I'll send some holy Bishop to
 entreat:

- ' For God forbid, so many simple souls
 ' Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
 ' Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
 ' Will parley with Jack Cade their general. —
 ' But stay, I'll read it over once again.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this
 lovely face

- * Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
 * And could it not enforce them to relent,
 * That were unworthy to behold the same?

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn
 to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your Highness shall
have his.

K. Hen. How now, Madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much
for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn,
but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st
thou in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly,
my Lord!

*Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your Grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call — false caterpillars, and intend their
death.*

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not
what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Kenel-
worth,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now
alive,

* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
There—

‘ Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

‘ Say. So might your Grace’s person be in
danger;

‘ The sight of me is odious in their eyes:

‘ And therefore in this city will I stay,

‘ And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* 2. *Mes.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses:

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my Lord; away,
take horse.

* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
will succour us.

* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is
deceas’d.

* *K. Hen.* Farewel, my Lord; [*to lord Say.*]
trust not the Kentish rebels.

* *Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be be-
tray’d.

‘ *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,

‘ And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, and Others, on the walls.

Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1. *Cit.* No, my Lord, nor likely to be slain;

for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your King, your country, and your
lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than — Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never

* call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a
* very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them; But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can; burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's forces, headed by Matthew Gough, They fight; the citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, Sirs: — Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shall have it for that word.

‘ *Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may
‘ come out of your mouth.

‘ *John.* Mass, ’twill be sore law then; for he
‘ was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and ’tis
‘ not whole yet. *[Aside.]*

‘ *Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law;
‘ for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. *[Aside.]*

‘ *Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so.

‘ Away, burn all the records of the realm; my
 ‘ mouth shall be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting sta-
 * tutes, unless his teeth be pull’d out. [*Aside.*

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be
 in common.

Enter a Messenger.

‘ *Mes.* My Lord, a prize, a prize! here’s the
 ‘ lord Say, which sold the towns in France;
 * he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,
 * and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord SAY.

‘ *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten
 ‘ times. — Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou
 ‘ buckram lord! now art thou within point-
 ‘ blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst
 ‘ thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of
 ‘ Normandy unto mounsieur Basinecu, the dau-
 ‘ phin of France? Be it known unto thee by
 ‘ these presence, even the presence of lord Mor-
 ‘ timer, that I am the besom that must sweep
 ‘ the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou
 ‘ hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of
 ‘ the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and
 ‘ whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other
 ‘ books but the score and the tally, thou hast
 ‘ caused printing to be used; and, contrary to
 ‘ the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast
 ‘ built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy
 ‘ face, thou hast men about thee, that usually
 ‘ talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abomin-
 ‘ able words, as no christian ear can endure to
 ‘ hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace,

' to call poor men before them about matters
 ' they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou
 ' hast put them in prison; and, because they
 ' could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when,
 ' indeed, only for that cause they have been
 ' most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a
 ' foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak when honestest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

* *Dick.* What say you of Kent?

* *Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

* *Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

' Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
 ' Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
 ' Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
 ' The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
 ' Which makes me hope you are not void of
 ' pity.

' I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
 * Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

* Justice with favour have I always done;

* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
 ' never.

* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 * Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and
 ' you?

* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

- * Because my book preferr'd me to the King :
- * And — seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
- * Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven, —
- * Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
- * You cannot but forbear to murder me.
- * This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign Kings
- * For your behoof, —
- * *Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in
the field?
- * *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft
have I struck
- * Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
- * *Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come
behind folks?
- * *Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for
your good.
- * *Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and that
- * will make 'em red again.
- * *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's
causes
- * Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
- * *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,
- * and the pap of a hatchet.
- * *Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?
- * *Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.
- * *Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say,
- * I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will
stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away,
and behead him.
- * *Say.* Tell me, wherein I have offended most?
- * Have I affected wealth or honour; speak?
- * Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
- * Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
- * Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

* These hands are free from guiltless blood-
shedding,

* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful
thoughts.

* O, let me live!

* *Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his
* words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it
* be but for pleading so well for his life. Away
* with him! he has a familiar under his tongue;
* he speaks not o' God's name. 'Go, take him
' away, I say, and strike off his head presently;
' and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir
' James Cromer, and strike off his head, and
' bring them both upon two poles hither.

' *All.* It shall be done.

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make
your prayers,

* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

* How would it fare with your departed souls?

* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I com-
mand ye. [*Exeunt some, with*
Lord SAY.]

' The proudest Peer in the realm shall not wear
' a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tri-
' bute; there shall not a maid be married, but
' she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they
' have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and
' we charge and command, that their wives be
' as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

' *Dick.* My Lord, when shall we go to Cheap-
' side, and take up commodities upon our bills?

' *Cade.* Marry, presently.

' *All.* O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY
and his son-in law.*

‘ *Cade.* But is not this braver? — Let them
‘ kiss one another, for they loved well, when
‘ they were alive. Now part them again, lest
‘ they consult about the giving up of some more
‘ towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of
‘ the city until night: for with these borne before
‘ us, instead of maces, will we ride through the
‘ streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss. —
‘ Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarm. Enter CADE, and all his rabblement,

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus'
* corner! kill and knock down! throw them into
* Thames! —

[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*]

* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold
* to sound retreat or parley, when I command
* them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD, *with*
forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will
disturb thee:

‘ Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the
King

Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,

‘ That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

‘ *Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye
relent,

‘ And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offer’d you;

‘ Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

‘ Who loves the King, and will embrace his
pardon,

‘ Fling up his cap, and say — God save his
Majesty!

‘ Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

‘ Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,

‘ Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

‘ *All.* God save the King! God save the King?

‘ *Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are
ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do
ye believe him? will you needs be hang’d with
your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword
therefore broke through London Gates, that
you should leave me at the White Hart in South-
wark? I thought, you would never have given
out these arms, till you had recover’d your
ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and
dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the
nobility. Let them break your backs with bur-
dens, take your houses over your heads, ravish
your wives and daughters before your faces:
For me, — I will make shift for one; and so —
God’s curse ’light upon you all!

‘ *All.* We’ll follow Cade, we’ll follow Cade,

‘ *Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,

‘ That thus you do exclaim — you’ll go with
him?

‘ Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

‘ And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?

‘ Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;

‘ Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,

' Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
 ' Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
 ' The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 ' Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish
 you?

' Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 ' I see them lording it in London streets,
 ' Crying — *Villageois*: unto all they meet.
 ' Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 ' Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
 mercy.

' To France, to France, and get what you have
 lost;

' Spare England, for it is your native coast:
 ' Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 ' God on our side doubt not of victory.

' *All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
 King, and Clifford.

' *Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to
 and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry
 the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs,
 and makes them leave me desolate. I see them
 lay their heads together, to surprize me: my
 sword make way for me, for here is no staying.
 — In despite of the devils and hell, have
 through the very midst of you! and heavens
 and honour be witness, that no want of resolu-
 tion in me, but only my followers' base and
 ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to
 my heels. [Exit.

' *Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and fol-
 low him;

' And he, that brings his head unto the King,
 ' Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I X.

Kenelworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and
SOMERSET, on the terrace of the Castle.*

- * *K. Hen.* Was ever King, that joy'd an earth-
ly throne,
- * And could command no more content than I?
- * No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
- * But I was made a King, at nine months old:
- * Was never subject long'd to be a King,
- * As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

- * *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your
Majesty!
- * *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor
Cade surpriz'd?
- * Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of Cade's fol-
lowers, with halters about their necks.*

- * *Clif.* He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow-
ers do yield;
- * And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom, of life, or death.
- * *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy ever-
lasting gates,

' To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —
 ' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your
 lives,
 ' And show'd how well you love your Prince
 and country:
 ' Continue still in this so good a mind,
 ' And Henry, though he be infortunate,
 ' Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
 ' And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
 ' I do dismiss you to your several countries.
 All, God save the King! God save the King!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mes.* Please it your Grace to be advertised,
 * The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
 * And with a puissant and a mighty power,
 * Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
 * Is marching hitherward in proud array;
 * And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 * His arms are only to remove from thee
 * The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a
 traitor.
 * *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
 and York distress'd;
 * Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
 * Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a
 pirate:
 * But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-
 pers'd;
 * And now is York in arms, to second him; —
 * I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
 * And ask him, what's the reason of these arms,
 * Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tow-
 er; —
 * And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

- * Until this army be dismiss'd from him.
* *Som.* My lord,
* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.
* *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in
terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard lan-
guage.
* *Buck.* I will, my Lord; and doubt not so
to deal,
* As all things shall redound unto your good.
* *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better;
* For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

- * *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that
* have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
* These five days have I hid me in these woods;
* and durst not peep out, for all the country is
* lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that
* if I might have a lease of my life for a thou-
* sand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore,
* on a brickwall have I climb'd into this garden;
* to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet an-
* other while, which is not amiss to cool a man's
* stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this
* word sallet was born to do me good: for, many
* a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had
* been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time,

* when I have been dry, and bravely marching,
 * it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink
 * in; and now the word sallet must serve me to
 * feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

* *Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in
 the court,

‘ And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 ‘ This small inheritance, my father left me,
 ‘ Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
 ‘ I seek not to wax great by others’ waining;
 ‘ Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 ‘ Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
 ‘ And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

‘ *Cade.* Here’s the lord of the soil come to
 ‘ seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple
 ‘ without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt be-
 ‘ tray me, and get a thousand crowns of the King
 ‘ for carrying my head to him; but I’ll make
 ‘ thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my
 ‘ sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

‘ *Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe’er
 thou be,
 ‘ I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
 ‘ Is’t not enough, to break into my garden,
 ‘ And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 ‘ Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 ‘ But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that
 ever was broach’d, and heard thee too. Look on
 me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,
 come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave
 you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I
 may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while Eng-
land stands,

That Alexander Iden, an espure of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

‘ Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,

‘ See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

‘ Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

‘ Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;

‘ Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;

‘ My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
hast;

‘ And if mine arm be heaved in the air,

‘ Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

‘ As for more words, whose greatness answers
words,

‘ Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete
* champion that ever I heard. — ‘ Steel, if thou
‘ turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned
‘ clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy
‘ sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou may'st
‘ be turn'd to hobnails, [*They fight. Cade falls.*]
‘ O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath
‘ slain me: let ten thousand devils come against
‘ me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,
‘ and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and
‘ be henceforth a burying-place to all that do
‘ dwell in this house, because, the unconquer'd
‘ soul of Cade is fled.

‘ *Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that mon-
strous traitor?

‘ Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

‘ And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:

* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

‘ *Cade.* Iden, farewell: and be proud of thy
 ‘ victory: Tell Kent from me she hath lost her
 ‘ best man, and exhort all the world to be cow-
 ‘ ards; for I, that never fear’d any, am van-
 ‘ quish’d by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong’st me, heaven
 be my judge.

* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare
 thee!

* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 * So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell
 ‘ Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 ‘ Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
 ‘ And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
 ‘ Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
 ‘ Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
 [*Exit, dragging out the body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. Fields between Dartford and Black-
 heath.*

*The King’s Camp on one side. On the other,
 enter YORK attended, with drum and colours:
 his forces at some distance.*

‘ *York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to
 claim his right,
 ‘ And pluck the crown from feeble Henry’s head:
 ‘ Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and
 bright,
 ‘ To entertain great England’s lawful King.

Ah,

Ah, *sancta majestas*! who would not buy thee
dear?

- ' Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
- ' This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
- ' I cannot give due action to my words,
- ' Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.
- ' A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;
- ' On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb
me?

' The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
' *Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet
thee well.

' *York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept
thy greeting.

' Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?

' *Buck.* A Messenger from Henry, our dread
Liege,

' To know the reason of these arms in peace;

' Or why, thou — being a subject as I am, —

' Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

' Should'st raise so great a power without his
leave,

' Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

' *York.* Scarce can I speak, my chlo-
ler is so great.

' O, I could hew up rocks, and fight
with flint,

' I am so angry at these abject terms;

' And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

' On sheep or oxen could I spend my
fury!

' I am far better born than is the King;

} *Aside.*

Enter King HENRY, attended.

‘ *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no
harm to us,

‘ That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

* *York.* In all submission and humility,

* *York* doth present himself unto your Highness.

* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou
dost bring?

‘ *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from
hence?

‘ And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

‘ Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

‘ *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean con-
dition,

‘ May pass into the presence of a King,

‘ Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,

‘ The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

‘ *K. Hen.* The head of Cade? — Great God,
how just art thou! —

‘ O, let me view his visage being dead,

‘ That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

‘ Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that
slew him?

‘ *Iden.* I was, an't like your Majesty.

‘ *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is
thy degree?

‘ *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;

‘ A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his King.

* *Buck.* So please it you, my Lord, 'twere
not amiss

* He were created knight for his good service.

‘ *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*]
Rise up a knight.

Som. O monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee,
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown:

* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

* *York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me
ask of these,

* If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —

* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attend.*

* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

* They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
ment.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again, [*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

* To say, if that the bastard boys of York

* Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

* *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

* Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

Of The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET,
with forces, at one side; at the other, with
forces also, old CLIFFORD and his son.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll
make it good.

* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny
their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord
the King! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what
news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

‘ For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

‘ *Clif.* This is my King, York, I do not mistake;

‘ But thou mistak’st me much, to think I do: —

‘ To Bedlam with him; is the man grown mad?

‘ *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

‘ Makes him oppose himself against his King.

‘ *Clif.* He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,

‘ And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;

‘ His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

‘ *York.* Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

‘ *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall,

* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

* I am thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

‘ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

* That, with the very shaking of their chains,

* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;

* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me,

Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with forces.

‘ *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we’ll bait thy bears to death,

‘ And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

‘ If thou dar’st bring them to the baiting-place.

* *Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o’erweening cur

* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

* Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and
cry'd:

* And such a piece of service will you do,
* If you oppose yourselves to match lord War-
wick.

* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
lump,

* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly
anon.

* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
yourselves.

* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee for-
got to bow? —

* Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair,

* Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son! —

* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
ruffian,

* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? —

* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

* And shame thine honourable age with blood?

* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

* *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself

* The title of this most renowned Duke;

* And in my conscience do repute his Grace

* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance
unto me?

* *Sal.* I have.

* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for
such and oath?

* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath,
* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
* And have no other reason for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

* *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

* *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm
himself.

* *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends
thou hast,

‡ I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

* *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams
prove true.

* *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream
again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field

* *Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

* *War.* Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's
crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

(As on a mountain top the cedar shows,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

* *Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,

* Despight the bearward that protects the bear.

‘ *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,
 ‘ To quell the rebels, and their ’complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in
 spite,
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

‘ *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatick, that’s more than
 thou canst tell.

* *Rich.* If not in heaven, you’ll surely sup in
 hell. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, ’tis Warwick
 calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now, — when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men’s cries do fill the empty air, —
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

‘ How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

‘ *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
 steed;

‘ But match to match I have encounter’d him,

‘ And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

‘ Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

‘ *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

‘ *War.* Then, nobly, York; ’tis for a crown
thou fight’st. —

‘ As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail’d.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

‘ *Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost
thou pause?

‘ *York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in
love,

‘ But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

‘ *Clif.* Nor should thy powers want praise
and esteem,

‘ But that ’tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

‘ *York.* So let it help me now against thy
sword.

‘ As I in justice and true right express it!

‘ *Clif.* My soul and body on the action
both! —

‘ *York.* A dreadful lay! — address thee in-
stantly. [*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

‘ *Clif.* *La fin couronne les oeuvres.* [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
thou art still.

‘ Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the
rout;

* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of
hell,

* Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there; —
* For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death. —
* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still:
* Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
[Exit.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.

' *Q. Mar.* Away, my Lord, you are slow; for
 shame, away!
 * *K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens? good
 Margaret, stay.
 * *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not
 fight, nor fly:
 * Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 * To give the enemy way; and to secure us
 * By what we can, which can no more but fly.
 [*Alarum afar off.*
 * If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 * Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
 * (As well we may, if not through your ne-
 glect.)
 * We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
 * And where this breach, now in our fortunes
 made,
 * May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

- * *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mis-
chief set,
* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To see their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my Lord, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Sol-
diers, with drums and colours.*

- * *York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contusions and all brush of time;
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
* Repairs him occasion? this happy day
* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
* If Salisbury be lost.

- * *Rich.* My noble father,
* Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
* Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
* Persuaded him from any further act:
* But still, where danger was, still there I met
him;

- * And like rich hangings in a homely house,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

- ‘ *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou
fought to-day;
‘ By the mass, so did we all. — I thank you,
Richard:
‘ God knows, how long it is I have to live;
‘ And it hath pleas’d him, that three times to-
day
‘ You have defended me from imminent death. —
* Well, Lords, we have not got that which we
have;
* ’Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
* Being opposites of such repairing nature.
‘ *York.* I know, our safety is to follow them;
‘ For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
‘ To call a present court of parliament.
‘ Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth: —
‘ What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we
can.

Now by my faith, Lords, ’twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban’s battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz’d in all age to come. —
Sound, drums and trumpets; — and to London
all:

And more such days as these do us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

K I N G H E N R Y V I.

P A R T I I I.

THE NEW YORK

PART III

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth*:

Edward, *Prince of Wales*, his son.

Lewis XI. *King of France*.

Duke of Somerset.	Duke of	} <i>Lords on King Henry's side.</i>
Exeter.	Earl of Oxford.	
Earl of Northumberland.	Earl of	
Westmoreland.	Lord Clif-	
ford.		

Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York*.

Edward, *Earl of March*, afterwards
King Edward IV.

Edmund, *Earl of Rutland*,

George, afterwards *Duke of Clarence*,

Richard, afterwards *Duke of Gloucester*,

Duke of Norfolk	} <i>of the Duke of York's party.</i>
Marquis of Montague,	
Earl of Warwick,	
Earl of Pembroke,	
Lord Hastings,	
Lord Stafford,	

Sir John Mortimer,	} <i>uncles to the Duke of York.</i>
Sir Hugh Mortimer,	

Henry, *Earl of Richmond*, a Youth.

Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey. Sir William Stanley. Sir John Montgomery. Sir John Somerville. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of

York. *Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A son that has killed his father. A father that has killed his son.*

Queen Margaret.

Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Bona, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, *during part of the third act, in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.*

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament - House.*

*Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in;
Then, Enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD,
RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,
and Others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder, how the King escap'd our
hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the
north,

He silyly stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat;

' Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,

' Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,

' Charg'd our main battle's front, and, break-
ing in,

' Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.'

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buking-
ham,

' Is either slain, or wounded dangerous;

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;

' That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood. [To York, showing his.]
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. [Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.]

* *York.* Richard had best deserv'd of all my sons. —

What, is your Grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. — Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful King,
' And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

' For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk, — Stay by me, my Lords; —

' And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the King comes, offer him no violence,

' Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[They retire.]

* *York.* The Queen, this day, here holds her parliament;

* But, little thinks, we shall be of her council :

* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be King;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

' *York.* Then leave me not, my Lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,

' The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

' I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve, thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne,
who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD,
NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER,
and Others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My Lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false Peer,)

To aspire unto the crown, and reign as King. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father; —
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd
on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck
him down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of West-
moreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be
it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when the Duke is slain, they'll
quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Hen-
ry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use. —

[*They advance to the Duke.*

Thou factions Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy Sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee
Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom
was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

' *K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

' *York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster; And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,

That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March'd through the city to the palace gates.

' *North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

' *West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

' *Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger, As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

' *War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

‘ If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz’d upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown’d, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose: —

Father, tear the crown from the usurper’s head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*to YORK.*] as thou lov’st and honour’st arms,

Let’s fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: — hear him, Lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

‘ *K. Hen.* Think’st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

‘ Ay, and their colours — often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart’s great sorrow, —

Shall be my winding-sheet. — Why faint you,
Lords?

‘ My title’s good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shall be
King.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the
crown.

York. ’Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title’s
weak.

Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

‘ *K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful
King:

‘ For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign’d the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sove-
reign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it uncon-
strain’d,

Think you, ’twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

* *York.* Why whisper you, my Lords, and
answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful
King.

King. All will revolt from me, and turn to
him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay’st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos’d.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all;
North. Thou art deceiv'd; 'tis not thy southern
 power,

' Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, —
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and
 proud, —

Can set the Duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong;
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
 May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my
 father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive
 my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown: —
 What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of
 York

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
 And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
 Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear but one
 word; —

' Let me, for this my life-time, reign as King.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine
 heirs,

And thou shalt reign quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your
 son?

War. What good is this to England, and
 himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and
us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these
news.

* *West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degene-
rate King,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

* And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.]

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them
not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not
yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but
my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may: — I here entail

* The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign;

* And neither by treason, nor hostility,

* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will per-
form. [Coming from the throne.]

War. Long live King Henry! — Plantagenet
embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy
forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them
foes!

[*Senet.* The lords come forward.

York. Farewell, my gracious Lord; I'll to my
castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I
came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his sons, WARWICK, NOR-*
FOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to
the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of
Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks be-
wray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [Going.

* *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow
thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will
stay.

* *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such ex-
tremes?

* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

- * Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
- * Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood
there,
- * Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
- * And disinherited thine only son.
- * *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me;
- * If you be King, why should not I succeed?
- * *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon
me, sweet son;
- * The Earl of Warwick, and the Duke, enforce'd
me.
- * *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou King, and
wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
 Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
 And given unto the house of York such head,
 * As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
 * To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
 * What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
 * And creep into it far before thy time?
 * Warwick is Chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
 Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
 The Duke is made Protector of the realm;
 ' And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
 * The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
 ' Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
 ' The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
 pikes,
 ' Before I would have granted to that act.
 * But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
 ' And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
 ' Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 ' Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 ' Whereby my son is disinherited.
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy
 colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
 ' And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
 ' And utter ruin of the house of York.

' Thus do I leave thee: — Come, son, let's
 away;

' Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me
 speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already;
 get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay
 with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the
 field,

I'll see your Grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger
 thus.

[*Exeunt Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.*

' *K. Hen.* Poor Queen! how love to me, and
 to her son,

' Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

' Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke;

* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

* Will cost my crown; and, like an empty eagle,

* Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

* The loss of those three lords torments my
 heart,

* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair; —

* Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

* *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them
 all, [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

* *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

* *York.* Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife?

* What is your quarrel? how began it first?

* *Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

* *Rich.* About that which concerns your Grace, and us;

* The crown of England, father, which is yours.

* *York.* Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

* *York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

* *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

* I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

‘ *Rich.* No; God forbid, your Grace should
be forsworn.

‘ *York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

‘ *Rich.* I’ll prove the contrary, if you’ll hear
me speak.

‘ *York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

‘ *Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not
took

‘ Before a true and lawful magistrate,

‘ That hath authority over him that swears:

‘ Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

‘ Then, seeing ’twas he that made you to depose,

‘ Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.

‘ Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but
think,

* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

* Within whose circuit is Elysium,

* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

* Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy’d

* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry’s heart.

‘ *York.* Richard, enough; I will be King or
die. —

‘ Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

‘ And whet on Warwick to this enterprize. —

‘ Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,

‘ And tell him privily of our intent. —

‘ You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly
rise:

‘ In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

‘ Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. —

‘ While you are thus employ’d, what resteth more,

‘ But that I seek occasion how to rise:

‘ And yet the King not privy to my drift,

‘ Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

‘ But, stay; What news? Why com’st thou in such post?

‘ *Mes.* The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,

‘ Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

‘ She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

‘ And therefore fortify your hold, my Lord.

* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think’st thou, that we fear them? —

‘ Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me; —

‘ My brother Montague shall post to London:

* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

* Whom we have left Protectors of the King,

* With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

* And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I’ll win them, fear it not:

* And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

‘ You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we’ll meet her in the field.

‘ *York.* What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman’s general; What should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

‘ *Edw.* I hear their drums; Let’s set our men in order;

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the
wretch

‘ That trembles under his devouring paws :

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey ;

‘ And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. —

‘ Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die ; —

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my fa-
ther's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again ;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and
thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me :

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul ;

‘ And till I root out their accursed line,

‘ And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore — *[Lifting his hand.]*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death : —
To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

‘ *Rut.* I never did thee harm ; Why wilt thou
slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;

Lest, in revenge thereof, — sith Gost is just, —

With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
 ' In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
 ' And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 ' Richard cry'd, — *Charge! and give no foot
 of ground!*
 ' And cry'd — *A crown, or else a glorious
 tomb!*
 ' *A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!*
 With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
 ' We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
 ' With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 ' And spend her strength with over-matching
 waves. [*A short alarum within.*
 ' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 ' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 ' And, were I strong, I would not shun their
 fury:
 ' The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
 ' Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUM-
 BERLAND, and Soldiers.*

' Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumber-
 land, —

' I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;

' I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring
 forth

' A bird that will revenge upon you all:

' And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with:
 ' Why come you not? what! multitudes, and
 fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no
 further?

' So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 ' So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 ' And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
 * And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
 And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with
 cowardice,

' Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
 this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
 causes,

I would prolong a while the traitor's life: —
 Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northum-
 berland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him
 so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away?
 It is war's prize to take all vantages;
 ' And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock, with
 the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.
 [YORK is taken prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty ;

So true men yield , with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto
him now ?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors , Clifford and Nort-
humberland,

Come make him stand upon this molehill here ;

‘ That raught at mountains with out-stretched
arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —

* What ! was it you , that would be England's
King ?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons , to back you now ?

The wanton Edward , and the lusty George ?

‘ And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy , that , with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?

Or , with the rest , where is your darling Rutland ?

Look , York ; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford , with his rapiers' point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy :

And , if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

‘ Alas , poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee , grieve , to make me merry , York ;

Stamp , rave , and fret , that I may sing and dance.

What , hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine
entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?

* Why art thou patient , man ? thou shouldst be
mad ;

* And I , to make thee mad , do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
 A crown for York; — and, Lords, bow low to
 him. —

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. —

[Putting a paper crown on his head,

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir. —

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be King,

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death,

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable! —

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his
 head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him
 dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake,

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he
 makes,

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than
 wolves of France,

' Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
 tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

' Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom
 deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English Yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen;
Unless the adage must be verify'd, —

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable;

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

'Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-
less.

'Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish:

'Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast
thy will:

'For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

And, when the rage allays, the rain begins,

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;

'And every drop cries vengeance for his death, —

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, — and thee, false
Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move
me so,

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —
O, ten times more, — than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears;
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[He gives back the handkerchief.]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, — Alas, it was a piteous deed! —

There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
my curse;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! —

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin,

'I should not for my life but weep with him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord North-
humberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my fa-
ther's death. *[stabbing him.]*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-heart-
ed King. *[stabbing him.]*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
' My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. [Dies.

Q. *Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York
gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's cross in Herefordshire.

*Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with
their forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father
'scap'd;

* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,

* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;

* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;

* Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have
heard

* The happy tidings of his good escape. —

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become,

‘ I saw him in the battle range about ;

‘ And watch’d him, how he singled Clifford forth.’

' Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:

* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;

* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,

* Your princely father, and my loving lord.

‘ *Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

‘ *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

‘ *Mes.* Environed he was with many foes;

* And stood against them as the hope of Troy

* Against the Greeks, that would have enter’d Troy.

* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;

* And many strokes, though with a little axe,

* Hew down and fell the hardest-timber’d oak.

‘ By many hands your father was subdu’d;

‘ But only slaughter’d by the ireful arm

‘ Of unrelenting Clifford, and the Queen:

‘ Who crown’d the gracious Duke, in high despight;

‘ Laugh’d in his face: and, when with grief he wept,

‘ The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,

‘ A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

‘ Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:

‘ And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,

‘ They took his head, and on the gates of York

‘ They set the same; and there it doth remain,

‘ The saddest spectacle that e’er I view’d.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon;

‘ Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay! —

* O Clifford, boist’rous Clifford, thou hast slain

* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;

* And treacherously hast thou vanquish’d him,

* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
thee! —

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:

' Ah, would she break from hence! that this my
body

' Might in the ground be closed up in rest:

' For never henceforth shall I joy again,

' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's
moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart:

* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden;

* For self-same wind, that I should speak
withal,

* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,

* And burn me up with flames, that tears would
quench.

* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:

* Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge,
for me! —

' Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,

' Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left
with thee;

' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with forces.

War. How now, fair Lords? What fare?
what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
recount

Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliver-
ance,

Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the
wounds.

O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
tears;

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the
Queen,

Bearing the King in my behalf along:

For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,

'Touching King Henry's oath, and your suc-
cession.

Short tale to make, — we at saint Alban's met,

Our battles 'join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 ' Who thunders to his captives — blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 ' Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 ' Or like a lazy thresher with a flail, —
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards;
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

' *Edw.* Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
 Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-
 land?

' *War.* Some six miles off the Duke is with
 the soldiers:

And for your brother, — he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
 ' With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-
 wick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
 thou hear;

For

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of
mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick: blame
me not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, Lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, Lords. The proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.

' Their power, I thing, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
March,

Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
' Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

‘ And once again cry — Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks, I hear great Warwick
speak:

Ne’er may he live to see a sunshine day,
‘ That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I
lean;

‘ And when thou fail’st, (as God forbid the
hour!)

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of
York;

‘ The next degree is, England’s royal throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim’d
In every borough as we pass along;

And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,

‘ Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

‘ But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
as steel,

* (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)

* I come to pierce it, — or to give thee mine.

* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums; — God, and
saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? What news?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word
by me,

The Queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors
Let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of Wales, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town
of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
' Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

' *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that
fear their wreck; —

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, mus be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;

' And doves will peck, in safeguard of their
brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a Duke, would have his son a King,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
 Thou, being a King, bless'd with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 ' Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings,
 ' Which sometime they have us'd with fearful
 flight,)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence,
 For shame, my Liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child, —

*What my great-grandfather and grandsire
 got,*

My careless father fondly gave away?

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
 him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
 orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

' But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear, —
 That things ill-got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate, —
 ' As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
 ' Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did
know,

' How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

' *Q. Mar.* My Lord, cheer up thy spirits; our
foes are nigh,

' And this soft courage makes your followers
faint.

' You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

' Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently. —

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy swort in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly
leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

' For, with a band of thirthy thousand men,

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;

And, in the towns as they do march along,

Proclaims him King, and many fly to him:

' Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your Highness would depart the
field;

The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to
our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence;

Unsheath your sword, good father, cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel
for grace,

‘ And set thy diadem upon my head;

* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy!

‘ Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,

‘ Before thy Sovereign, and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he shall bow his
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You — that are King, though he do wear the
crown, —

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

‘ To blot out me, and put his own son in.

‘ *Clif.* And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

‘ *Rich.* Are you there, butcher? — O, I cannot
speak?

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer
thee,

‘ Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was
it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to
the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd War-
wick? dare you speak?

When you and I met a saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis
thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you
fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst
make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reve-
rently; —

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a
child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous
coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my Lords,
and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close
thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my
tongue;

I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this
meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right,
or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the
crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy
head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says
is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother
stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire
nor dam;

But like a foul mishapen stigmatick,

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a King,

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art
extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself. —

* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

* By that false woman, as this King by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin
stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
' Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
him,

' That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

' For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy
pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

' *Geo.* But, when we saw our sunshine made
thy spring,

' And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

' Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak. —
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours
wave! —

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer
stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A field of battle between Towton and Saxton
in Yorkshire.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with
a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, un-
gentle death!
*For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is
clouded.*
War. How now, my Lord? what hap? what
hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad
despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with
wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

‘ Thy brother’s blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 ‘ Broach’d with the steely point of Clifford’s lance:
 ‘ And, in the very pangs of death, cry’d, —
 ‘ Like to a dismal clangour heard from far, —
 ‘ *Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*

‘ So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 ‘ That stain’d their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 ‘ The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

‘ *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I’ll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 * Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
 * And look upon, as if the tragedy
 * Were play’d in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 ‘ Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 ‘ I’ll never pause again, never stand still,
 ‘ Till either death hath clos’d these eyes of mine,
 ‘ Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine:

‘ And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
 * And, ere my knee rise from the earth’s cold face,

* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of Kings!

‘ Beseeching thee, — if with thy will it stands,
 ‘ That to my foes this body must be prey, —
 ‘ Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
 ‘ And give sweet passage to my sinful soul! —

‘ Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e’er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

‘ *Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand; — and,
gentle Warwick,

‘ Let me embrace thee in my weary arms : —

‘ I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,

‘ That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

‘ *War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet Lords,
farewell.

‘ *Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,

‘ And give them leave to fly that will not stay;

And call them pillars, that will stand to us;

‘ And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

‘ As victors wear at the Olympian games:

* This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

* For yet is hope of life, and victory. —

Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

‘ *Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee
alone:

‘ Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of York,

‘ And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

‘ Wert thou environ’d with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here
alone:

This is the hand, that stabb’d thy father York;

And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here’s the heart, that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and
brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*

* *Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other
chace;

* For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morn-
ing's war,

* When dying clouds contend with growing light;

* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

* Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,

* Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

* Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

* Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:

* Sometime the flood prevails; and then, the
wind;

* Now, one the better: then, another best;

* Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

* Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:

* So is the equal poise of this fell war.

* Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

* To whom God will, there be the victory!

* For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,

* Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,

* They prosper best of all when I am thence.

'Would I were dead! if God's good will were
so :

' For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?

* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,

' To be no better than a homely swain ;

* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

* Thereby to see the minutes how they run :

* How many make the hour full complete,

* How many hours bring about the day,

* How many days will finish up the year,

* How many years a mortal man may live.

* When this is known, then to divide the times :

* So many hours must I tend my flock ;

* So many hours must I take my rest ;

* So many hours must I contemplate ;

* So many hours must I sport myself ;

* So many days my ewes have been with young ;

* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn ;

* So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece :

* So many minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,
and years,

* Pass'd over to the end they were created,

* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave,

* Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

* To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,

* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

* To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?

* O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

* And to conclude, — the shepherd's homely
curds,

* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

* His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

* All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,

- * Is far beyond a Prince's delicacies,
- * His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
- * His body couched in a curious bed,
- * When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father;
dragging in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body. —

- ‘ This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
- ‘ May be possessed with some store of crowns :
- * And I, that haply take them from him now,
- * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
- * To some man else, as this dead man doth me. —
- ‘ Who’s this ? — O God ! it is my father’s face,
- ‘ Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill’d.
- ‘ O heavy times, begetting such events !
- ‘ From London by the King was I press’d forth ;
- ‘ My father, being the Earl of Warwick’s man,
- ‘ Came on the part of York, press’d by his master ;
- ‘ And I, who at his hands receiv’d my life,
- ‘ Have by my hands of life bereaved him. —
- ‘ Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did ! —
- And pardon, father, for I knew not thee ! —
- * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
- * And no more words, till they have flow’d their fill.

‘ *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !

- Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
- ‘ Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. —
- * Weep, wretched man, I’ll aid thee tear for tear ;
- * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,

* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with
grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with
the body in his arms.*

' *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 ' Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 ' For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
 ' But let me see : — is this our foeman's face ?
 ' Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son ! —
 * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 * Throw up thine eye ; see , see , what showers
 arise,

* Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —

‘ O, pity, God, this miserable age! —
 ‘ What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 ‘ Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 ‘ This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! —
 ‘ O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 ‘ And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
common grief!

‘ O, that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds! —

* O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity! —
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:

* The one, his purple blood right well re-
sembles;

* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my
son,

* Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

* *K. Hen.* How will the country, for these
woeful chances,

* Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd?

* *Son.* Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

* *Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

* *K. Hen.* Was ever King, so griev'd for sub-
jects' woe?

* Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so
much.

* *Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*]

* *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy wind-
ing-sheet;

* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;

* For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

* My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

* And so obsequious will thy father be,

* Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

* As Priam was for all his valiant sons,

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

* *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgrown
with care,

* Here sits a King more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET,
Prince of Wales, and EXETER.*

* *Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
are fled,

‘ And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:

‘ Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

‘ *Q. Mar.* Mount you, my Lord, towards
Berwick post amain:

‘ Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
hounds

‘ Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

‘ With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

‘ And bloody steel grasp’d in their ireful hands,

‘ Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with
them:

‘ Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

Or else come after, I’ll away before.

‘ *K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter;

‘ Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

‘ Whither the Queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V I.

The same.

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

‘ *Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here
it dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,

More than my body’s parting with my soul.

My love, and fear, glew’d many friends to thee;

‘ And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.

Impairing Henry, strength’ning mis-proud York,

The common people swarm like summer flies:

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
 And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
 O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent
 That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
 And, Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 * They never then had sprung like summer flies;
 ' I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 ' And what makes robbers bold, but too much
 lenity?

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 ' No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
 ' The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick and the
 rest;
 ' I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
 [He faints.]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
 RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Sol-
 diers.*

' *Edw.* Now breathe we, Lords; good fortune
 bids us pause,
 ' And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
 looks. —
 * Some troops pursue the bloody-minded
 Queen;

' That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
 ' As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 ' Command an argosy to stem the waves.
 ' But think you, Lords, that Clifford fled with
 them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 ' And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
 leave?

Rich. A deadly groan like life and death's de-
 parting.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's
 ended,

If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

' *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis
 Clifford;

' Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 ' In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
 ' But set his murdering knife unto the root
 ' From whence that tender spray did sweetly
 spring,

' I mean, our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down
 the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
 ' Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
 Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our
 horse,

' That nothing sung both death to us and ours;
 ' Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
 sound,

‘ And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft: —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to
thee? —

Dark cloudy death o’ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, ’would he did! and so, perhaps,
he doth;

‘ ’Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
‘ Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
‘ Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think’st, vex him with eager
words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no
grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults.

‘ *Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son
to York.

Edw. Thou pitied’st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where’s captain Margaret, to fence you
now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou
wast wont.

‘ *Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the
world goes hard,

‘ When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he’s dead; And, by my soul,

‘ If this right hand would buy two hours’ life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,

‘ This hand should chop it off; and with the is-
suing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's
head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands —
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal King.

' From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy Queen:

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

' And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not
dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

' And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let
it be:

* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

* And never will I undertake the thing,

* Wherein thy council and consent is wanting. —

' Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster; —

' And George, of Clarence; — Warwick, as
ourselves,

' Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George,
of Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,

To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt,

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chace in the North of England.

Enter two Keeper's, with cross-bows in their hands.

‘ 1. *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll
shroud ourselves:

‘ For through this laund anon the deer will
come;

‘ And in this covert will we make our stand,

‘ Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2. *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot.

* 1. *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy
cross-bow

* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

* I'll tell the what befell me on a day,

* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

‘ 2. *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till
he be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of
pure love,

‘ To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

‘ No Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

* Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from
thee,

* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast
anoointed:

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
 ' No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 * No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

' 1. *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
 keeper's fee:

' This is the *quondam* King; let's seize upon
 him.

* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these four adver-
 sities;

* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

* 2. *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands
 upon him.

* 1. *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little
 more.

' *K. Hen.* My Queen, and son, are gone to
 France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 ' Is thither gone, to crave the French King's
 sister

' To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
 ' Poor Queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
 ' For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 ' And Lewis a Prince soon won with moving
 words.

' By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
 ' For she's a woman to be pity'd much:

* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

* The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;

* And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

* To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish
 tears.

* Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says — her Henry is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says — his Edward is install'd;
 * That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
 more;

* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
 wrong,

* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;

* And, in conclusion, wins the King from her;

* With promise of his sister, and what else,

* To strengthen and support King Edward's place,

* O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor
 soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of
 Kings and Queens?

' *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less I was
 born to:

' A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

' 2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert
 a King.

' *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
 enough.

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a King, where is thy
 crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on
 my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

* Nor to be seen: ' My crown is call'd content;

' A crown it is, that seldom Kings enjoy.

' 2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a King crown'd
 with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

' To go along with us: for, as we think,

' You are the King, King Edward hath depos'd;

' And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

- * Will apprehend you as his enemy.
- * *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break
an oath?
- * *2. Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will
not now.
- * *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was
King of England?
- * *2. Keep.* Here in this country, where we now
remain.
- * *K. Hen.* I was anointed King at nine months
old;
- * My father, and my grandfather, were Kings;
- * And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
- * And, tell me then, have you not broke your
oaths?
- * *1. Keep.* No;
- For we were subjects, but while you were King.
- * *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe
a man?
- * Ah, simple men, you know not what you
swear.
- * Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
- * And as the air blows it to me again,
- * Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
- * And yielding to another when it blows,
- * Commanded always by the greater gust;
- * Such is the lightness of you common men.
- * But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
- * My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
- * Go where you will, the King shall he com-
manded;
- * And be you Kings; command, and I'll obey.
- * *1. Keep.* We are true subjects to the King,
King Edward.
- * *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
- * If he were seated as King Edward is.

1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and
in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

' *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your King's
name be obey'd:

* And what God will, that let your King per-
form;

* And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and
Lady GREY.*

' *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at saint Alban's
field

' This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was
slain,

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

' Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

' The worthy gentleman did lose his life,

Glo. Your Highness shall do well, to grant
her suit;

* It were dishonour, to deny it her,

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a
pause,

' *Glo.* Yea! it is so?

[*Aside to Clar.*

I see, the Lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the King will grant her humble suit,

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps
the wind? [*Aside.*

Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*

' *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your
suit;

' And come some other time, to know our mind.

' *L. Grey.* Right gracious Lord, I cannot
brook delay:

' May it please your Highness to resolve me now;

' And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

' *Glo.* [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant
you all your lands,

' An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

' Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a
blow.

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to
fall. [*Aside.*

* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.
[*Aside.*

' *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou,
widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her
[*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her
two. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd
by him. [*Aside.*

' *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their
father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant
it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this
widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will
have leave,

‘ Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.

* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?

* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

* *K. Edw.* Then yet your husband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

* *K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [Aside.

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [Aside.

L. Grey. Why stops my Lord? shall I not
hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a King.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am
a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I
freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand
thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a
curt'sy.

* *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love
I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my
loving Liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

* *L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble
thanks, my prayers;

* That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean
such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I
thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive
my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I
perceive

* Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie
in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy
husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be
my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my Lord. My suit is at and end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*]

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

* Her words do show her wit incomparable;

* All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a King;

And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.—

Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto;

* I know, I am too mean to be your Queen;

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my Queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my sons should call you — father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

' Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my Lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

' *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your foe is taken,

' And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw.

* *K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the
Tower: —

* And go we, brothers, to the man that took
him,

* To question of his apprehension. —

* Widow, go you along; — Lords, use her
honourable.

[*Exeunt King EDWARD, Lady GREY,
CLARENCE, and Lords.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use woman honourably.
* Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
* That from his loins no hopeful branch may
spring,

* To cross me from the golden time I look for!

* And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

* (The lustful Edward's title buried,)

* Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

* And all the unlook'd-for issue of ther bodies,

* To take their rooms, ere I can place myself;

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

* Why, then I do but dream on Sovereignty;

* Like one that stands upon a promontory,

* And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

* Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

* And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

* Saying — he'll lade it dry to have his way:

* So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

* And so I chide the means that keep me
from it;

* And so I say — I'll cut the causes off,

* Flattering me with impossibilities. —

* My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweans too
much,

* Unless my hand and strength could equal
them.

- * Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
- * What other pleasure can the world afford?
- ‘ I’ll make my heaven in a lady’s lap,
 ‘ And deck my body in gay ornaments,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks:
 ‘ O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 ‘ Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
 Why, love forswore me in my mother’s womb:
 ‘ And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 ‘ She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 ‘ To shrink mine arm up like a wither’d shrub;
 ‘ To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 ‘ To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 * To disproportion me in every part,
 * Like to a chaos, or an unlick’d bear-whelp;
 * That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov’d?
 ‘ O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
 * Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 * But to command, to check, to o’erbear such
 * As are of better person than myself,
 * I’ll make my heaven — to dream upon the
 crown;
- * And, whiles I live, to account this world but
 hell,
- * Until my misshap’d trunk that bears this head,
 * Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 * And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 * For many lives stand between me and home:
 * And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
 * That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
 thorns;
 * Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
 * Not knowing how to find the open air,

* But toiling desperately to find it out, —
 * Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 * And from that torment I will free myself,
 * Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my
 heart;
 * And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 * And frame my face to all occasions.
 * I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid
 shall;
 * I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 * I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 * Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 * And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colours to the cameleon;
 ' Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages;
 ' And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 ' Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[rising.]
 ' Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,

‘ And birth, that thou should’st stand, while
Lewis doth sit.

* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty King of France; now
Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,

* Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,

* Great Albion’s Queen in former golden day’s:

* But now mischance hath trod my title down,

* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;

* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

* And to my humble seat conform myself.

* *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair Queen, whence
springs this deep despair?

* *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears,

* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown’d
in cares.

* *K. Lew.* Whate’er it be, be thou still like
thyself,

* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.

* To fortune’s yoke, but let thy dauntless mind

* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

* Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;

* It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief.

* *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts,

* And give my tongue—ty’d sorrows leave to
speak.

* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—

* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

* Is, of a King, become a banish’d man,

* And forc’d to live in Scotland a forlorn;

* While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,

* Usurps the regal title, and the seat

* Of England’s true-anointed lawful King.

- * This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret, —
- * With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's
 heir,
- * Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
- * And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
- * Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
- * Our people and our Peers are both misled,
- * Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
- * And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.
- * *K. Lew.* Renowned Queen, with patience
 calm the storm,
- * While we bethink a means to break it off.
- * *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger
 grows our foe.
- * *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll
 succour thee.
- * *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true
 sorrow:
- * And see, where comes the breeder of my
 sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

* *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to
 our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's
 greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
 brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state. Queen
MARGARET rises.*]

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm
 to rise;

* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

* *War.* From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come, — in kindness, and unfeigned love, —
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope
is done.

War. And, gracious madam; [*to BONA.*] in
our King's behalf,

‘ I am command, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sovereign’s heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac’d thy beauty’s image, and thy virtue.

Q. *Mar.* King Lewis, — and Lady Bona, —
hear me speak,

‘ Before you answer Warwick. His demand

* Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest
love,

* But from deceit, bred by necessity:

* For how can tyrants safely govern home,

* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—

* That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,

* Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's
son.

* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:

* For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,

* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art Prince, than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
' Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise Prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these Peers of France should smile at
that.

But for the rest, — You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

' *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against
thy Liege,

' Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward King.

' *Oxf.* Call him my King, by whose injurious
doom

' My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
' When nature brought him to the door of
death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford,

‘ Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,

‘ While I use further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant that Warwick’s words
bewitch him not!

[Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD,

‘ *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

‘ Is Edward your true King? for I were loath,

‘ To link with him that were not lawful chosen,

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people’s eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

‘ *K. Lew.* Then further, — all dissembling
set aside,

‘ Tell me for truth the measure of his love

‘ Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself,

Myself have often heard him say, and swear, —

That this his love was an eternal plant;

Whereof the root was fix’d in virtue’s ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain’d with beauty’s
sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine: —

Yet I confess, [to *War.*] that often ere this day,

When I have heard your King’s desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus, — Our
sister shall be Edward's;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

* Touching the jointure that your King must
make,

* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:

Draw near, Queen Margaret; and be a witness,

That Bona shall be wife to the English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English
King.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy de-
vice

* By this alliance to make void my suit;

* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and
Margaret:

* But if your title to the crown be weak, —

* As may appear by Edward's good success, —

* Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd

* From giving aid, which late I promised,

* Yet shall you have all Kindness at my hand,

* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his
ease;

Where having nothing, nothing he can lose,

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen, —

You have a father able to maintain you;

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless
Warwick, peace;

* Proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings!

* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,

* Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold

* Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
 [*A horn sounded within.*
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or
 thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are
 for you;
 Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague. —
 These from our King unto your Majesty. —
 And, Madam, these for you; from whom I
 know not.

[*To Margaret. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and
 mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he
 were nettled;

* I hope, all's for the best.

* *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and
 yours, fair Queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with
 unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-
 content.

K. Lew. What! has your King marry'd the
 Lady Grey?

* And now, to sooth your forgery and his,

* Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

* Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

* Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your Majesty as much before:
 This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's
 honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of
heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss, —
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my King, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame. —
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
' And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
* Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour lost for him,
* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
' My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

' *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd
my hate to love:

' And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
' And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
* And as for Clarence, — as my letters tell me,
* He's very likely now to fall from him;
* For matching more for wanton lust than
honour,
* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
veng'd,

* But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queen's,
are one,

* *War.* And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine,
and Margaret's

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all
at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return
in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed King, —
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:

* Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a wi-
dower, shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done
me wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mes.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

* And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen

- * And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt: —
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock hands.

' *Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for
your motion: —

- ' Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
' Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
' And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
' That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well de-
serves it;

- * And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers
shall be levy'd,

- And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high Admiral,
' Shall waft them over with our royal fleet. —
' I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
' For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
' Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

THIRD PART OF
ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and Others.

- ‘ *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
think you
‘ Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
* Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
* *Clar.* Alas, you know, ’tis far from hence
to France;
* How could he stay till Warwick made return?
* *Som.* My Lords, forbear this talk; here
comes the King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and Others.

- * *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.
* *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I
think.
‘ *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like
you our choice,
‘ That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
‘ *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl
of Warwick;
‘ Which are so weak of courage, and in judge-
ment,
‘ That they’ll take no offence at our abuse.
‘ *K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without
a cause,

‘ They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am
Edward,

‘ Your King and Warwick’s, and must have my
will.

‘ *Glo.* And shall have your will, because our
King:

‘ Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you of-
fended too?

‘ *Glo.* Not I:

‘ No; God forbid, that I should wish them
sever’d

‘ Whom God hath join’d together: ay, and
’twere pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

‘ *K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mis-
like, aside,

‘ Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey

‘ Should not become my wife, and England’s
Queen: —

‘ And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

‘ Speak freely what you think.

‘ *Clar.* Then this is my opinion, — that King
Lewis

‘ Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

‘ About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

‘ *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in
charge,

‘ Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

‘ *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick
be appeas’d,

‘ By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join’d with France in such
alliance,

Would more have strengthen’d this our common-
wealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred
marriage.

' *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of
itself

' England is safe, if true within itself?

* *Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd
with France.

* *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting
France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,

* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

* And with their helps only defend ourselves;

* In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well
deserves

' To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

' *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will,
and grant;

* And, for this once, my will shall stand for
law.

' *Glo.* And yet, methinks, your Grace hath
not done well,

' To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales

' Unto the brother of your loving bride;

' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

' *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd
the heir

' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

' And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a
wife,

' That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

' *Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd
your judgement:

' Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

' To

‘ To play the broker in mine own behalf;
‘ And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will
be King;

‘ And not be ty’d unto his brother’s will.

Q. *Eliz.* My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty

‘ To raise my etate to title of a Queen,

‘ Do me but right, and you must all confess

‘ That I was not ignoble of descent,

* And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

* But as this title honours me and mine,

* So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

* Do cloud my joys with danger and with sor-
row.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon
their frowns:

‘ What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

‘ So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

‘ And their true Sovereign, whom they must
obey?

‘ Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee
too,

‘ Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :

‘ Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

‘ And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think
the more. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or
what news,

From France?

Mes. My sovereign Liege, no letters; and
few words,

‘ But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

‘ *K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee : therefore,
in brief,

‘ Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them.

‘ What answer makes King Lewis unto our
letters?

Mes. At my depart, these were his very
words;

*Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King, —
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.*

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks
me Henry.

‘ But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mes. These were her words, utter’d with mild
disdain;

*Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.*

‘ *K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say
little less;

‘ She had the wrong. But what said Henry’s
Queen?

‘ For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mes. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds
are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.

‘ *K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the
Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

‘ *Mes.* He, more incens’d against your Majesty

‘ Than all the rest, discharg’d me with these
words;

*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I’ll uncrown him, ere’t be long.*

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out
so proud words?

* Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:

* They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

* But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

* *Mes.* Ay, gracious Sovereign; they are so
link'd in friendship,

* That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have
the younger.

* Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,

* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

* I may not prove inferior to yourself. —

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

* *Glo.* Not I;

* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

* Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick!

* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

* And haste is needful in this desperate case. —

* Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

* Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

* They are already, or quickly will be landed:

* Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

* But, ere I go, Hastings, — and Montague, —

* Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

* Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by
alliance:

' Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
 ' If it be so, then both depart to him;
 ' I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
 ' But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 ' Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 ' That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

' *K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
 ' Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
 ' Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other forces.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well;
 The common people by number swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come; —
 Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: — I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

* That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
tents,

* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;

* So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,

* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

* And seize himself; I say not — slaughter him,

* For I intend but only to surprize him. —

* You, that will follow me to this attempt,

* Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and saint
George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's *Camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

- * 1. *Watch.* Come on, my Masters, each man
take his stand;
- * The King, by this, is set him down to sleep.
- * 2. *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed?
- * 1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a
solemn vow
- * Never to lie and take his natural rest,
- * Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
- * 2. *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall
be the day,
- * If Warwick be so near as men report.
- * 3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman
is that,
- * That with the King here resteth in his tent?
- * 1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's
chiefest friend.
- * 3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands
the King,
- * That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,
- * While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
- * 2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because
more dangerous.
- * 3. *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and
quietness,
- * I like it better than a dangerous honour.
- * If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
- * 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

* 1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up
his passage.

* 2. *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his
royal tent,

* But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMER-
SET, and forces.*

* *War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand
his guard.

* Courage, my Masters: honour now, or never!

* But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

* 2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick, and the rest, cry all — War-
wick! Warwick! and set upon the guard;
who fly, crying — Arm! Arm! Warwick,
and the rest, following them.]

*The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, Re-
enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the
King out in a gown, sitting in a chair;
GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.*

* *Som.* What are they that fly there?

* *War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go,
here's the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when,
we parted last,

Thou call'dst me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

* When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

* Then I degraded you from being King,

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use ambassadors;
 Nor how to be contented with one wife;
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
 * Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
 Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou
 here too?

* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must
 down. —

‘ Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 ‘ Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
 ‘ Edward will always bear himself as King:

* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward Eng-
 land's King:

[*Takes off his crown.*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

* And be true King indeed: thou but the sha-
 dow. —

‘ My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
 ‘ See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
 ‘ Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

‘ When I have fought with Pembroke and his
 fellows,

‘ I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 ‘ Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him: —

Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

* *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must
 needs abide;

* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset
 with him.*

* *Oxf.* What now remains, my Lords, for us
 to do;

* But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have
to do;

' To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

' *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden
change?

' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet
to learn,

' What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick?

' *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal
person.

' *Riv.* Then is my Sovereign slain?

' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
prisoner;

' Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

' Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

' And, as I further have to understand,

' Is new committed to the Bishop of York,

' Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

' *Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full
of grief:

' Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;

' Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder
life's decay.

* And I the rather wean me from despair,
* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
* This is it that makes me bridle passion,
* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And stop the rising of blood sucking sighs,
* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
* King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown.

^a *Riv.* But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. *Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes to-
wards London.

* To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
* Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends
must down.

• But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 • (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
 • I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary;
 • To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
 • There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
 • Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
 • If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir William Stanley,
and Others.*

' *Glo.* Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir Wil-
liam Stanley,
' Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

- ' Into this chiefest thicket of the park,
 ' Thus stands the case: You know, our King,
 my brother,
 ' Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
 ' He hath good usage and great liberty;
 ' And often, but attended with weak guard,
 ' Comes hunting this way to desport himself.
 ' I have advertis'd him by secret means,
 ' That if, about this hour, he make this way,
 ' Under the colour of his usual game,
 ' He shall here find his friends with horse and
 men,
 ' To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

- ' *Hunt.* This way, my Lord; for this way lies
 the game.
 ' *K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where
 the huntsmen stand. —
 ' Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and
 the rest,
 ' Stand you thus close, to steal the Bishop's
 deer?
 ' *Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth
 haste;
 ' Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
 ' *K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?
 ' *Hast.* To Lynn, my Lord; and ship from
 thence to Flanders.
 ' *Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was
 my meaning.
 ' *K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forward-
 ness.
 * *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time
 to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt
thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be
hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more
ado.

* *K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from
Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Master Lieutenant, now that God
and friends

* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their
Sovereigns;

* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

* I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, Lieutenant? for well
using me?

* Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :
* Ay, such a pleasure is incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At last, by notes of household harmony,
* They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
* But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the instrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this blessed land
* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
* Warwick, although my head still wear the
crown,

* I here resign my government to thee,
* For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

* *War.* Your Grace hath still been fam'd for
virtuous;

* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the stars:
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the
sway,

* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown;
* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

* *War.* And I choose Clarence only for Pro-
tector.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me
both your hands;

* Now join your hands, and, with your hands,
your hearts,

* That no dissention hinder government:

‘ I make you both Protectors of this land;
 ‘ While I myself will lead a private life,
 ‘ And in devotion spend my latter days,
 ‘ To sin’s rebuke, and my Creator’s praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his Sovereign’s will?

* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;

* For on thy fortune I repose myself.

* *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content;

* We’ll yoke together, like a double shadow

* To Henry’s body, and supply his place;

* I mean, in bearing weight of government,

* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc’d a traitor,

* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin’d.

* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

* Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)

* That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward,

* Be sent for, to return from France with speed:

* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

* My joy of liberty is half eclips’d.

* *Clar.* It shall be done, my Sovereign, with all speed.

‘ *K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

‘ Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

* *Som.* My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

* *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers

[Lays his hand on his head.]

* Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

* This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

* His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

* His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

* His hand to wield a scepter; and himself

* Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he,

* Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?

* *Mes.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,

* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

* *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

* *Mes.* He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,

* And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

* In secret ambush on the forest side,

* And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

* For hunting was his daily exercise.

* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge. —

* But let us hence, my Sovereign, to provide

* A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt King HENRY, WAR. CLA. Lieu. and Attendants.]

* *Som.* My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,

- * For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
 - * And we shall have more wars, befor't be long.
 - * As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 - * Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
 - * So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 - * What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
 - * Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 - * Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
 - * Till storms be past of civil enmity.
 - * *Oxf.* Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
 - * 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
 - * *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
 - * Come therefore, let's about it speedily.
- [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and forces.

- * *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest;
- * Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
- * And says — that once more I shall interchange
- * My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
- * Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
- * And brought desired help from Burgundy:
- * What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
- * From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York;
- * But

‘ But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

‘ *Glo.* The gates made fast! Brother, I like
not this;

* For many men, that stumble at the threshold,

* Are well foretold — that danger lurks within.

* *K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not
now affright us:

* By fair or foul means we must enter in,

* For hither will our friends repair to us.

* *Hast.* My Liege, I’ll knock once more, to
summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and
his Brethren.*

‘ *May.* My Lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,

‘ And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;

‘ For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

‘ *K. Edw.* But, Master Mayor, if Henry be
your King,

‘ Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

‘ *May.* True, my good Lord: I know you for
no less.

‘ *K. Edw.* Why, and I’ll challenge nothing but
my dukedom;

* As being well content with that alone.

‘ *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his
nose,

‘ He’ll soon find means to make the body follow,
[*Aside.*

‘ *Hast.* Why, Master Mayor, why stand you
in a doubt?

Open the gates, we are King Henry’s friends.

' *May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then
be open'd.

Exeunt from above.

' *Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded
soon!

* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all
were well,

* So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,

* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

' *K. Edw.* So, Master Mayor: these gates
must not be shut,

' But in the night, or in the time of war.

' What! fear not, man, but yield me up the
keys; [*takes his keys.*

' For Edward will defend the town, and thee,

' And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. *Enter MONTGOMERY, and forces,*
marching.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

' *K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John! But why come
you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of
storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

' *K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we
now forget

' Our title to the crown; and only claim

' Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

* *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence
again;

I came to serve a King, and not a Duke, —

* Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*

* *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, a while: and
we'll debate,

* By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

* *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few
words,

* If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King,

* I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

* *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll
make our claim:

* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
must rule.

* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns,

* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

* The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will, for 'tis
my right,

* And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sovereign speaketh like
himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd: —

* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou procla-
mation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's
right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

* K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; —
and thanks unto you all.

* If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

* Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

* And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

* Above the border of this horizon,

* We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

* For, well I not, that Henry is no soldier. —

* Ah, forward Clarence! — how evil it beseems
thee,

* To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

* Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and
Warwick. —

* Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;

* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

War. What council, Lords? Edward from
Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to
London;

‘ And many giddy people flock to him.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back
again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son Cla-
rence,

‘ Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

‘ The knights and gentlemen to come with
thee:

‘ Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

‘ Northampton, and in Liecestershire, shalt find

‘ Men well inclin'd to hear what thou com-
mand'st, —

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —

My Sovereign, with the loving citizens, —

* Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs, —

Shall rest in London, till we come to him. —

Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —

Farewell, my Sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
true hope.

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness'
hand.

* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou
fortunate!

* *Mont.* Comfort, my Lord; — and so I take
my leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus [*kissing Henry's hand.*] I seal
my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet Lords; let's meet at
Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a
while.

* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship?

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in
field,

* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the
rest.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath
got me fame.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

* I have not been desirous of their wealth,

* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

* Nor forward of revenge, though they much
urg'd;

* Then why should they love Edward more than
me?

* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

* The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord! what shouts are
these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and soldiers.

- ‘ *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac’d Henry,
bear him hence,
‘ And once again proclaim us King of Eng-
land. —
* You are the fount, that makes small brooks
to flow;
* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck
them dry,
* And swell so much the higher by their elb. —
‘ Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
‘ And, Lords, towards Coventry bend we our
course,
‘ Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
‘ The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
‘ Cold biting winter mars our hop’d-for hay,
* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

*Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor
of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant
Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

‘ 1. *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching
hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague? —
Where is the post that came from Montague?

‘ 2. *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant
troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

‘ *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving
son?

‘ And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

‘ *Som.* At Southam did I leave him with his
forces,

‘ And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard,*

‘ *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his
drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my Lord; here Southam
lies;

* The drum your Honour hears, marcheth from
Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook’d-
for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall
quickly know.

*Drums. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and
forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and
sound a parle.

‘ *Glo.* See, how the surly Warwick mans the
wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward
come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the
city gates,

' Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy
knee? —

' Call Edward — King, and at his hands beg
mercy,

' And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy for-
ces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down? —

Call Warwick — patron, and he penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said —
the King;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to
give;

* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

' *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy
brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by War-
wick's gift.

' *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a
weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my King, Warwick his subject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's King is Edward's
prisoner;

' And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this, —
What is the body, when the head is off?

' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-
cast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

‘ The King was slyly finger’d from the deck!
 You left poor Henry at the Bishop’s palace,
 And, ten to one, you’ll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. ’Tis even so; yet you are Warwick
 still.

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel
 down, kneel down:

* Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a
 blow,

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and
 tide thy friend;

* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black
 hair,

* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut
 off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood, —

‘ *Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
 more.*

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford
 comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*Oxf. and his forces enter the city.*

* *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

* *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our
 backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

‘ If not, the city being but of small defence,

‘ We’ll quickly rouse the traitors in the same,

* *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want
thy help,

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

* *Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy
this treason

* Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater
victory;

* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

* *Glo.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of So-
merset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

* *War.* And lo, where George of Clarence
sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

* More than the nature of a brother's love: —

* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if War-
wick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*]

* Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory;
 [March. Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

*Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD,
 bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and
 die our fear;

* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all. —

* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
 [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend,
 or foe,

And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;

Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
 wind.

* These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's
 black veil,

* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

* To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
 For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his
 brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
 dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick; Warwick! wert thou as
 we are,

* We might recover all our loss again!

* The Queen from France hath brought a puissant
 power;

* Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st
 thou fly!

* *War.* Why, then I would not fly. — Ah,
 Montague,

* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!

* Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,

* Thy tears would wash this congealed blood,

* That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.

* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd
 his last;

* And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,

* And said — Commend me to my valiant bro-
 ther.

* And more he would have said; and more he
 spoke,

* *Glo.* The Queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,
' And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
' If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
bury;
' We, having now the best at Barnet field,
' Will thither straight, For willingness rids way;
' And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented

In every county as we go along. —
Strike up the drum; cry — Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Plains near Tewksbury:

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince ED-
WARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

* *Q. Mar.* Great Lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,
* But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
' What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
' The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
' And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
' Yet lives our pilot still; Is't meet, that he
' Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And

- * And give more strength to that which hath too
much;
- * Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the
rock,
- * Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
- * Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
- * Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
- * And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
- * Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of
these?
- * Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
- * And Somerset another goodly mast?
- * The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
lings?
- * And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
- * For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
- * We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
- * But keep our course, though the rough wind
say — no,
- * From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.
- * As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
- * And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
- * What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
- * And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
- * All these the enemies to our poor bark.
- * Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
- * Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
sink:
- * Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
- * Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
- * This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,
- * In case some one of you would fly from us,
- * That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the bro-
thers,

* More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
and rocks.

* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,

* 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant
spirit

* Should, if a coward heard her speak these
words,

* Infuse his breast with magnanimity,

* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

' I speak not this, as doubting any here:

' For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

' He should have leave to go away betimes;

' Lest, in our need, he might infect another,

' And make him of like spirit to himself.

' If any such be here, as God forbid!

' Let him depart, before we need his help.

' *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a
courage!

And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual
shame. —

' O, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a
hope,

' Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,

' If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset; — sweet
Oxford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

- ‘ *Mes.* Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at
hand,
‘ Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
‘ *Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy;
‘ To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he’s deceiv’d, we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not
budge.

*March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces.*

- ‘ *K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,
‘ Which, by the heavens’ assistance, and your
strength,
‘ Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
* I need not add more fuel to your fire,
* For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
* Give signal to the fight, and to it, Lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what
I should say,
‘ My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
‘ Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.
‘ Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your
Sovereign,
‘ Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp’d;
‘ His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain;
‘ His statutes cancell’d, and his treasure spent;
‘ And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

' You fight in justice: then, in God's name,
Lords,

‘ Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the same.

Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

‘Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.’

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
words.

‘*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*

* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,

* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, — that,
who finds Edward,

* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

* *Glo.* It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear
him speak:

* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick? —
‘ *Edward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,
‘ For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
* And all the trouble thou hast turn’d me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious
York!

Suppose, that I am now my father’s mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so re-
solv’d!

‘ *Glo.* That you might still have worn the pet-
ticoat,

And ne’er have stol’n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winter’s night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I’ll plague you for that
word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
to men.

Glo. For God’s sake, take away this captive
scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-
back rather.

‘ *K. Edw.* Peace wilful boy, or I will charm
your tongue.

Clar. Untutor’d lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all un-
dutiful:

Lascivious Edward, — and thou perjur’d George, —

And thou mishapen Dick, — I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are; —

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer
here. [*Stabs him,*

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy
agony. [*Glo. stabs him,*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*CLAR. stabs him,*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her,*

* *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have
done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world
with words?

* *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means
for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother;
—

* I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

* Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

* *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*

* *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy
mother, boy!

* Canst thou not speak? — O traitors! murderers! —

* They, that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

* He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

* What's worse than murderer, that I may
name it?

* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak: —

* And I will speak, that so my heart may
burst. —

* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

* You have no children, butchers! if you had,

* The thought of them would have stirr'd up
remorse:

* But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

* As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young
Prince.

* *K. Edw.* Away with her; go bear her hence
perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch
me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it
thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much
ease.

* *Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence,
do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would
not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy-
self;

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

* What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's
butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

* *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her
hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to
this Prince!

[Exit, led out forcibly.]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I
guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his
head.

' Now march we hence: discharge the commonsort

' With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

' And see our gentle Queen how well she fares;

' By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

*King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book
in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter
GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my Lord! What, at your book
so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good Lord: My Lord, I
should say rather.

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

* And both preposterous; therefore, not good
Lord,

* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

* *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush:

* With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught,
and kill'd.

* *Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

* That taught his son the office of a fowl?

* And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.

* *K. Hen.* I Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;

* The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

* Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

* Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

* My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history. —

* But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

* *Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

* If murdering innocents be executing,

* Why, then thou art an executioner.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[Dies.

Glo. What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have
mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's
death!

'O, may such purple tears be alway shed

'From those that wish the downfall of our
house! —

'If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say — I sent thee
thither,

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear —

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,

O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!

'And so I was; which plainly signify'd —

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body
so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

'And this word — love, which greybeard's call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone. —

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the
light;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security. —
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy: —
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
 'Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
 lay'd;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my
 back: —

Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lo-
 vely Queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your Majesty,
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy bro-
 ther thanks.

'*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence
 thou sprang'st,

'Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit: —

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
 Master

'And cry'd — all hail! when as he
 meant — all harm. } *Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
 Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence
to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the
time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasures of the court? —
Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewell, sour
annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

A
SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME XI.

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N O T E S T O

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

. This and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this Prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with King Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]: and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by *Crowne*, and acted in the year 1681. STEEVENS.

In a note prefixed to the preceding play; I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationer's books, (as Mr. Steevens has ob-

served,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprize the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in 1591, See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. and the Dissertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *King Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The First Part*), certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the*

two Houses, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they originally appeared. MALONE.

Page 5, line 12. and fol. Suf. *As by your high imperial Majesty*

I had in charge &c.] Vide *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 66, year 23. init. POPE.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

P. 5, l. 26. *To your most gracious hands, that are &c.]* i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my Sovereign, who are &c. MALONE.

P. 6, l. 13-19. *The mutual conference that my mind hath had —*

By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

In courtly company, or at my beads, —

With you mine alder-lievest Sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute my King

With ruder terms;] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

Alder-lievest is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached, *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*. WARBURTON.

Alder-liefest is a corruption of the German

word *alder-liebste*, beloved above all things, dearest of all. STEEVENS.

P. 6, l. 24. This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 33. *This peroration with such circumstance?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 16. 17. *And are the cities, that I got with wounds,*

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?]

The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more striking, "And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words*?" MALONE.

P. 10, l. 7. *We shall begin our ancient bickerings, —*] To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. *Levi pugna congregior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict.* 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 16. And all the wealthy kingdoms of the *west*,] Certainly Shakspeare wrote — *east*. WARBURTON.

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker.

JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 30. And, *brother York*,] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland.

Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans [See this play, Part I. Act I. sc. iii.]; and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 50. 31. — *thy acts in Ireland,*

In bringing them to civil discipline;]

This is an anachronism, The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. MALONE.

P. 12, l. 6. *While they do tend the profit of the land.]* I think we

might read, more clearly — *to profit of the land* — i. e. to profit themselves by it; unless '*tend*' be written for *attend*, as in *King Richard II*:

"They *tend* the crowne, yet still with me they stay." STEEVENS.

Perhaps *tend* has here the same meaning as *tender* in a subsequent scene:

"I *tender* so the safety of my Liege."

Or it may have been put for *intend*; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their *object*. MALONE.

P. 12, l. 24. — on a *tickle* point, —] *Tickle* is very frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 9. 10. *As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,*

Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon.] According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should

last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torments. MALONE.

P. 15, l. 22. *Ill-nurtur'd*, is *ill-educated*.

MALONE.

P. 16, l. 5. *Whereas* is the same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 16. — *Sir John!* —] A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 26. — *a crafty knave does need no broker;*] A proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

P. 17, last l. *Sort how it will,*] Let the issue be what it will. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 7. — and then we may deliver our supplications *in the quill*.] *In quill* is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the rest have — *in the quill*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk.

STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is *in the quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print* was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. "All this," (declares one of the quibbling servants in *The Two Gentlemen of*

Verona) "I say *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

In quill may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and, in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *cayls*, which word is used in the statute 33 *Henry VIII.* c. 9. *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright. HAWKINS.

P. 19, l. 6. That my *master* was!] The old copy — that my *mistress* was? The present emendation was supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and has the concurrence of Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

The context shows clearly that *mistress* was a misprint for *master*. The mistake arose from these words being formerly abbreviated in Mss.; and an M. stood for either one or the other.

MALONE.

P. 20, last but one l. — two *dukedom*s —] The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See sc. i. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 9. — *this late complaint*] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful King. JOHNSON.

P. 22, l. 7. Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgement or opinion. JOHNSON.

P. 24, l. 30. *By these ten bones*,] We have just heard a Duchess threaten *to set her ten commandments* in the face of a Queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration

of fingers. This adjuration is, however, very ancient. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 10. The word *exorcise*, and its derivatives, are used by Shakspeare in an uncommon sense. In all other writers it means to lay spirits, but in these plays it invariably means to raise them. M. MASON.

P. 26, l. 27. *The silent of the night* is a classical expression, and means an interlunar night, — *Amica silentia lunae*. So Pliny, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utilissimè in coitu ejus sterni, quem diem alii interlunii, alii silentis lunae appellant.* lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, Milton says:

“ The sun to me is dark,
 “ And *silent* as the moon,
 “ When she deserts the night,
 “ Hid in her vacaut *interlunar* cave.”

WARBURTON.

I believe this display of learning might have been spared. *Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakspeare as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *past* of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, *the silence of the night*. STEEVENS.

Steeven's explanation of this passage is evidently right; and Warburton's observations on it, though long, learned, and laborious, are nothing to the purpose. Bolingbroke does not talk of the silence of the *moon*, but of the silence of the *night*; nor is he describing the time of the month, but the hour of the night. M. MASON.

P. 26, l. 29. — bandogs *howl*,] I was unacquainted with the etymology of this word, till it was pointed out to me by an ingenious correspondent in the Supplement to the Gentleman's

Magazine for 1789, who signs himself D. T. "Shakespeare's *ban-dog* (says he) is simply a *village-dog*, or *mastiff*, which was formerly called a *band-dog*, per syncopen, *bandog*. STEEVENS.

Ban-dog is surely a corruption of *band-dog*; or rather the first *d* is, suppressed here, as in other compound words. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *ban-dog*, *canis catenatus*. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 15. 16. Spir. *Ask what thou wilt;—
That I had said and done!*]

It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 27. and fol. This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the King. MALONE.

P. 30, l. 5. — *flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

P. 30, l. 8. 9. — *the wind was very high;*

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a

gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck* and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Haukinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work was written by dame Julyana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakspeare has fixed the present scene), and was first *prynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1496. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 17. 18. — *their master loves to be aloft, &c.*] Perhaps alluding to the adage:

“High-flying hawks are fit for Princes.”

STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 28–30. — *thine eyes and thoughts Beat on a crown,*] To *bait* or *beat*, (*bathe*) is a terme in falconry. JOHNSON.

To *bathe*, and to *beat*, or *bate*, are distinct terms in this diversion. To *bathe* a hawk was to wash his plumage. To *beat*, or *bate*, was to flutter with his wings. To *beat on a crown*, however, is equivalent to an expression which is still used — *to hammer*, i. e. to work in the mind.

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Tempest*:

“Do not infest your mind with *beating on*

“The strangeness of this business.”

I have given this instance of the phrase, because

Dr. Johnson's interpretation of it is certainly incorrect. MALONE.

P. 31, l. 6. *With such holiness can you do it?*] Do what? The verse wants a foot; we should read:

With such holiness can you not do it?

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice? WARBURTON.

The verse is lame enough after the emendation nor does the negative particle improve the sense. When words are omitted it is not often easy to say what they were if there is a perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random:

A churchman, with such holiness can you do it?

The transcriber saw *churchman* just above, and therefore omitted it in the second line. JOHNSON.

P. 31. last l. & P. 32, l. 1. 2. — *Come with thy two-hand sword.*

Glo. *True, uncle, are ye advis'd? — the east side of the grove?*

Cardinal, I am with you.] Thus is the whole speech placed to Gloster, in all the editions: but, surely, with great inadvertence. It is the Cardinal who first appoints the east side of the grove for the place of *duel*: and how finely does it express his rancour and impetuosity, for fear Gloster should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right! THEOBALD.

P. 32, l. 8. Or all my *fence* shall fail.] *Fence* is the art of defence. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 16. 17. *Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying, A Miracle!*] This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communi-

cated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not mentioned, but he was detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. MALONE.

P. 36, l. 32. — *lewdly bent*, —] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

The word is so used in old acts of parliament. A *sort* is a *company*. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 10. *Your Lady is forthcoming*] That is, Your lady is in custody. JOHNSON.

P. 38, l. 6-8. *And poise the cause in justice' equal scales;*

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.] The sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood:

— *justice' equal scale,*

Whose beam stand sure, whose rightful cause prevail!" JOHNSON.

P. 38, l. 17. *Which is infallible,*] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.

Surely he means his *title*. MALONE.

P. 38, l. 29. *The fifth, was Edmond Langley, Duke of York;*]

The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as Edward's fifth son; and represented the Duke of York as Edward's *second* son. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 31. and fol. *This Edmund, &c.*] In Act II. sc. v. of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daugh-

ter, in *The First Part of King Henry IV.*

RITSON.

P. 39, l. 34. 35. *And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King,*

Who kept him in captivity, till he died.]

I have observed in a former note, (p. 361. to the *First Part*, Act II. sc. v.) that the historians as well as the dramattick poets have been strangely mistaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was so far from being "kept in captivity till he died," that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been trusted and employed by him; and there is no proof shat he ever was confined, as a *state-prisoner*, by King Henry IV. Being only six years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his son Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the King. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken prisoner by Owen, and is said by Walsingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewsbury; but I believe the story of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a mistake, and that the historian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Gray of Ruthvin, who was likewise taken prisoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury he was probably brought there against his will, to grace the cause

of the rebels. The Percies in the Manifesto which they published a little before that battle, speak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the King for political reasons would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the King, he and his brother in the seventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already said respecting the trust reposed in him during the whole reign of King Henry V. I may add, that in the sixth year of that King this Earl of March was with the Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Fresnes; and soon afterwards with the King himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was constituted LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the Queen when she returned from France in 1422, with the corpse of her husband.

One of the sources of the mistakes in our old histories concerning this Earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinsmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at last was executed in 1424. That person however, could not have been his uncle; for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps cousin german to the lost Edmond Earl

of March, the illegitimate son of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have said that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360. I have since learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and consequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of sixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himself born in 1351. Their son Roger was born in 1371, and must have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, (the Mortimer of Shakspeare's *King Henry IV.* and the person who has given occasion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and consequently when he died in his castle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was thirty-two years old.

MALONE.

P. 40, l. 21. — *in this private plot,*] Sequester'd spot of ground. MALONE.

P. 42, l. 18. *Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires, solace, and age requires ease. JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 22. 23. — and God shall be my hope.
' My stay, my guide, and *lantern to my feet;*] This image, I think, is from our Liturgy: "— a *lantern to my feet*, and a light to my paths." STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 10. This staff of honour *raught:*]

Raught is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser. STEEVENS.

Rather *raft*, or *reft*, the preterite of *reave*; unless *reached* were ever used with the sense of *arracher*, Fr. that is, to snatch, take, or pull violently away. RITSON.

P. 43, l. 15. *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.*] This expression has no meaning, if we suppose that the word *her* refers to Eleanor, who certainly was not a young woman. We must therefore suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and stands for *it's*; — a licence frequently practised by Shakespeare. M. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's youngest days *of power*. But the assertion, which ever way understood, is untrue. MALONE.

Suffolk's meaning may be: — *The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity*. It is by no means unnatural to suppose, that had the designs of a proud woman on a crown succeeded, she might have been prouder than she was before. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 16. — *let him go.*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 28. — *worse bested.*] In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

P. 43, last l. but one. — *and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines:

“Enga-

“Engaged with money-bags, as bold
 “As men with *sand-bags* did of old.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice.

STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 8. — *charneco*.] A common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled, *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, printed 1612: “Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour’d Candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat Aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor.” And as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.

WARBURTON.

P. 45, l. 6. *Ascapart* — the giant of the story — a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

“Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw
 “Charing-cross for a bar,” &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 7. 8. — *this knave’s tongue begins to double*.] So, in *Holinshed*, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.

“In the same yeare also, a certeine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For prooffe whereof a daie was giuen them to fight

in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armouurer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgouerning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should haue come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gaue him wine and strong drink in such excessiue sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false servant, he liued not long," &c.

By favour of Craven Ord, Esq. I have now before me the original Exchequer record of expences attending this memorable combat. From hence it appears that William Catour, the Armourer, was not killed by his opponent John Davy, but worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged. The following is the last article in the account; and was struck off by the Barons of Exchequer, because it contained charges unauthorized by the sheriffs.

"Also paid to officers for watch-
yng of ye ded man in Smyth felde
ye same day and ye nyghte after
yt ye bataill was doon, and for
hors hyre for ye officers at ye exe-
cucion, doying, and for ye hang-
mans labor, xjs. vid.

"Also paid for ye cloth yat lay
upon ye ded man in Smyth feld,
viijd.

Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis,
and for setting up of ye said man-
nys hed on london Brigge, vd.

	s.	d.
Sum.	xij.	vii.

The sum total of expence incurred on this oc-
casion was L. 10 18 9

I know not why Shakspeare has called the Ar-

mourer *Horner*. The name of one of the sheriffs indeed was *Horne*, as appears from the record before me, which is printed at full length by Mr. Nichols in one of his valuable collections.

STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 20. *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:]* Ac-

cording to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. BOWLE.

P. 46, l. 3. *To fleet* is to change. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes *to fleet* (as here used) to be the same as *to flit*; that is, to be in a flux or transient state; to pass away.

MALONE.

P. 46, l. 8. *Uneath*—] i. e. Scarcely. POPE.

P. 46, l. 12. — *envious* — i. e. malicious.

STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 8. *Mail'd up in shame,*] Wrapped up, bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNSON.

P. 47, l. 10. — *deep-fet*—] i. e. deep-fetched.

STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 8. *Scathe* is harm, or mischief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word. STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 14. *Thy greatest help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the Duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 2. — *the world may laugh again;*] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 28. — *conduct* —] i. e. conductor.

STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 5. *I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

P. 51, l. 7. *Me seemeth* —] That is, it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *me-thinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

P. 51, l. 21. *Made me collect* —] i. e. assemble by observation. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 22. — *fond*, —] i. e. weak, foolish. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 32. Suffolk uses *Highness* and *Grace* promiscuously to the Queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of King James the First. JOHNSON.

P. 53, l. 15-17. York. *Cold news for me; &c.*] These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 20. *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

P. 55, l. 4. — *these faults are easy, quickly answer'd*;] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNSON.

The word no doubt, means — *easily*. RITSON.

This explanation is, I believe, the true one. *Easy* is an adjective used adverbially. STEEVENS.

P. 55, last but one l. — *accuse* — i. e. accusation. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 5. — *liesest* —] Is dearest.

JOHNSON.

P. 57, l. 3. 4. *Ah, that my fear were false!*

&c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, instead of these two lines, we have the following:

“Farewell my Sovereign: long may'st thou
enjoy

“Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!”

MALONE.

P. 57, l. 9. & fol. *Ay, Margaret; my heart is
drown'd with grief, &c.]* Of this speech

the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the King's speech a line seems to be lost:

Queen. What, will your Highness leave the
parliament?

King. Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with
grief;

* * * * *

Where I may sit and sigh in endless moan,

For who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

If therefore, according to the conjecture already suggested, these plays were originally the composition of another author, the speech before us belongs to Shakspeare. It is observable that one of the expressions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in *The Rape of Lucrece*; and in perusing the subsequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed. MALONE.

P. 57, l. 26. 27. *And as the butcher takes
away the calf,*

*And binds the wretch, and beats it when
it strays,]* But how can

it *stray* when it is *bound*? The poet certainly intended when it *strives*; i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word. THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors, and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image, and part by another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right.

JOHNSON,

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The Duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

P. 58, l. 9. and fol. *Free Lords, &c.*] By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the King; but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

P. 58, l. 15. — *roll'd in a flowering bank,*] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unnecessarily — *on a flowering bank.* MALONE.

P. 59, first l. *'Tis York that hath more reason for his death. —*]

Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because Duke Humphrey

stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. STEEVENS.

See Sir John Fenn's Observations on the Duke of Suffolk's death, in the collection of *The Paston Letters*, Vol. I. p. 48. HENLEY.

P. 59, l. 19—22. *No; let him die, in that
he is a fox,*

*By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson
blood;*

*As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my
Liege.]* The meaning of

the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the King's enemy; before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to show that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON.

This passage, as Johnson justly observes, is perplexed, but the perplexity arises from an error that ought to be corrected, which it may be by the change of a single letter. What is it that Humphrey proved by reasons to the King? — This line, as it stands, is absolutely nonsense: — But if we read Humphrey's, instead of Humphrey, and reason instead of reasons, the letter *s* having been transferred through inadvertency from one word to the other, the meaning of Suffolk will be clearly expressed; and if we enclose also the third

line in a parenthesis, the passage will scarcely require either explanation or comment:

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
(Before his chaps be stained with crimson
blood)

As Humphrey's prov'd by reason to my Liege.

Suffolk's argument is this: — As Humphrey is the next heir to the crown, it is as imprudent to make him protector to the King, as it would be to make the fox surveyor of the fold; and as we kill a fox before he has actually worried any of the sheep, because we know that by nature he is an enemy to the flock, so we should get rid of Humphrey, because we know that he must be by *reason* an enemy to the King. M. MASON.

P. 59, l. 26. 27. — *for that is good deceit*
Which mates him first, that first intends
deceit.] Mates him

means — that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the King is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

Mates him, means *confounds* him; from *amattir* or *mater*, French. To *mate* is no term in chess. *Check mate*, the term alluded to, is a corruption of the Persian *schah mat*; the King is killed. RITSON.

To *mate*, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill. MALONE.

P. 59, last l. — *I will be his priest.] I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNSON.*

P. 60, l. 4. — *censure well the deed,] That*

is, approve the deed, judge the deed good.

JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 11. *It skills not greatly* —] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

P. 63, l. 2. *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. JOHNSON.

P. 63, l. 9. — a troop of *Kernes*;] Light-armed Irish foot-soldiers. STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 14. — *Mórisco*,] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of Queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth, — "For two dossin of *Morres* bells." As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their publick festivals. STEEVENS.

The editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 255, mentions seeing a company of morrice-dancers from Abington, at Richmond in Surrey, so late as the summer of 1783. They appeared to be making a kind of annual circuit.

REED.

P. 65, l. 13. 14. *I thank thee, Margaret; &c.*] In former editions:

I thank thee, Nell, these words content me much.

This is King Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reason why he should forget his

own wife's name, and call her Nell instead of Margaret. As the change of a single letter sets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his pen thus:

I thank thee. Well, these words content me much. THEOBALD.

It has been observed by two or three commentators, that it is no way extraordinary the King should forgot his wife's name, as it appears in no less than three places that she forgets it herself, calling herself Eleanor. It has also been said, that, if any contraction of the real name is used, it should be *Meg*. All this is very true; but as an alteration must be made, Theobald's is just as good, and as probable, as any other. I have, therefore, retained it, and wish it could have been done with propriety without a note. REED.

Though the King could not well forget his wife's name, either Shakspeare or the transcriber might. That *Nell* is not a mistake of the press for *Well*, is clear from a subsequent speech of the Queen's in this scene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Duchess of Gloster, is again *three times* printed instead of *Margaret*. No reason can be assigned why the proper correction should be made in all those places, and not here. MALONE.

I have admitted Mr. Malone's correction; and yet must remark, that while it is favourable to sense it is injurious to metre. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 29, *Som.* Rear up his body; &c.] As nothing further is spoken either by *Somerset* or the *Cardinal*, or by any one else to show that they continue in the presence, it is to be presumed that they take advantage of the confusion occasioned by the King's swooning, and slip out unper-

ceived. The next news we hear of the Cardinal, he is *at the point of death*. RITSON.

P. 66, l. 7. — *right now* —] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 10. *Be woe for me,*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.

JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 14. *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Psalms* lvi. and lxxviii.

STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 27. *What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,*] I believe we should read — but curse the gentle gusts.

M. MASON.

P. 68, l. 5. 6. *The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands.*

And would not dash me with their ragged sides, &c.] The sense seems to be this. — The rocks hid themselves on the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

That is, the rocks whose property it is to split, shrunk into the sands, and would not dash me, &c. M. MASON.

P. 68, l. 8. The verb *perish* is here used actively. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 28. *Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?*]

This line, as it stands, is nonsense. We should surely read it thus: —

Am I not witch'd like her? Art thou not false like him?

M. MASON.

The superfluity of syllables in this line induces me to suppose it stood originally thus:

Am I not witch'd like her? thou false like
him? STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 11. The poet commonly uses *Henry* as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

P. 69, l. 27. 28. — *and to drain*

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;]
This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*. MALONE.

Surely our author wrote *rain*, not *drain*. The discharge of a single letter furnishes what seems to me a necessary emendation. STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 1-4. *The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, &c.]* This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is — “Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed.” In the folio: “A bed with Gloster's body put forth.” These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, “to put forth a bed,” was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 10. *For seeing him, I see my life
in death.]* Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted

from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:

For seeing him, I see my death in life.

That is, seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line:

Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. *That is to see how deep my grave is made.* JOHNSON.

Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand. — *I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my *life expiring*, or rather *expired*. The conceit is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

P. 70, l. 22. *Oft have I seen a timely-part-*
ed ghost,] All that is true of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet* there is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty, and made many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is likewise parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe, that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's. JOHNSON.

This is not the first time that Shakspeare has

confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“—— damned *spirits* all

“That in cross ways and floods have *burial*.”

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

A *timely*-parted ghost means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a *timeless* end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words — “As guilty of Duke Humphrey's *timeless death*.” MALONE.

P. 70, l. 23-25. — and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;] That is, the

blood being all descended, &c; the substantive being comprised in the adjective *bloodless*.

M. MASON.

P. 71, l. 3. *His hands abroad display'd,*] i. e. the fingers being widely distended. So *adown*, for *down*; *awearry*, for *weary*, &c. MALONE.

P. 71, l. 8. *His well-proportion'd beard*] His beard nicely trim'd and adjusted. MALONE.

His well-proportioned beard, I believe, means no more than his *beard well-proportioned by nature*. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 22. *The mortal worm*] i. e. the *fatal*, the *deadly* worm. STEEVENS.

P. 74, last l. *Quaint* for *dextrous*, *artificial*. MALONE.

P. 75, l. 3. — a sort —] Is a company. JOHNSON.

P. 75, l. 15. *He shall not breathe infection
in this air]* That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. MALONE.

P. 75, l. 33. *Mischance, and sorrow, go
along with you!]* In the original play the Queen is still more violent: "Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you;" MALONE.

P. 76, l. 10. *Would curses kill, as doth the
mandrake's groan,]* The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

P. 76, l. 24. *Their sweetest shade, a grove
of cypress trees!]* *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 25. *Their chiefest prospect, murdering, basilisks!]* It has been said of the *basilisk* that it has the power of destroying by a glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but it is quite inoffensive.

STEEVENS.

P. 77, first l. *You bade me ban, and will
you bid me leave?]* This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves, but when

others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNSON.

P. 77, l. 15. 16. *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal, Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee !]* That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

P. 78, l. 25. *But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,]* She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the Cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the Queen intends to say, "Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?" MALONE.

P. 79, l. 6. *Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,]* In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 20. *Iris* was the messenger of Juno.
JOHNSON.

P. 80, l. 6. *How fares my Lord?*] This scene, and that in which the dead body of the Duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired.

MALONE.

P. 80, l. 8. 9. *If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,*]

The following passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: "During these doynge, Henry Beaufford, Byshop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde. — This man was — haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insaciabie and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and himselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counsailer and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his deathbed, he said these words. 'Why should I dye, having so muche riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought my selfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worne a trypple croune. But I se now the worlde fayleth me, and so I am de-seyved; praying you all to pray for me.'"

MALONE.

P. 81, l. 7. *Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —*] When a dying person is incapable of speech, it is usual (in the church of Rome) previous to the administration of the sacraments, to obtain some *sign* that he is desirous of having them administered. The passage may have an allusion to this practice. C.

P. 81, l. 11. *Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —*]

“Peccantes culpare cave, nam lahimur omnes,
“Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse
quod hic est.” JOHNSON.

P. 81, l. 14. This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

P. 81, l. 16. The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle: — “But fortune wold not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years] shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, entendynge to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the Duke’s shyppe, and perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the head

upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried."

MALONE.

See the *Paston Letters*, published by Sir John Fenn, second edit. Vol. I p. 38, Letter X. in which this event is more circumstantially related.

STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 22. The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

P. 81, l. 22. *Remorseful* is pitiful. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 25-29. *And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades*

*That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flag-
ging wings*

Clip dead men's graves, &c.] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

P. 82, l. 23. 24. *The lives of those which we
have lost in fight,*

*Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty
sum.]* The difference

between the Captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here, he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransom. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraidings of Suffolk.

STEEVENS.

P. 82, last l. *Look on my George,*] In the first edition it is *my ring*. - WARBURTON.

A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransom of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thousand crowns. MALONE.

P. 83, l. 52. — a *jaded* groom.] I suppose he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horses; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words seem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivocal. *Jaded* groom, however, may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthless as the most paltry kind of horse.

MALONE.

A *jaded* groom may signify a groom who has hitherto been treated with no greater ceremony than a horse. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 6. — *abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 10. And therefore shall it *charm thy riotous tongue.*] i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent. MALONE.

P. 84, l. 23. *Poole? Sir Poole? Lord?*] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? Lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, *kennel*, *puddle*. JOHNSON.

P. 84, last l. To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 21 – 23. Advance with our *half-fac'd*
sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus.*]

“Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.” Camden’s *Remaines*. MALONE.

P. 85, l. 33. A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war’s boat, but a ship of small burthen. STEEVENS.

The complement of men on board a pinnace (or *spinner*) was about twenty – five. See *Paston Letters*, Vol. I. p. 159. HENLEY.

P. 85, l. 34. *Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] Mr. Theobald says, “This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him.” And yet he is to be met with in *Tully’s Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompus’s History*: “*Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*” Lib. II. cap. xi.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him “*Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;*” and Nicholas Grimoald, about twenty-three years afterwards, “*Bargulus, the Illyrian robber.*” STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 3. *Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:*] This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk; for what *remorse*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to show to his *assailant*; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his *captive*, — thy haughty

language exasperates me, instead of exciting my compassion. MALONE.

Perhaps our author meant (however imperfectly he may have expressed himself) to make Suffolk say — “Your words excite my anger, instead of prompting me to solicit pity.” STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 33. — *bezonians*:] *Bisognoso*, is a mean low man. STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 34. *A Roman sworder and banditto slave*,] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

P. 86, last lines. — *Brutus' bastard hand Stabb'd Julius Caesar*;] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Caesar. STEEVENS.

P. 87, first l. — *savage islanders, Pompey the great*:] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. JOHNSON.

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Pompey, however, is not in the quarto. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable.

STEEVENS.

Pompey being killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North's translation of Plutarch,) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works. MALONE.

P. 87, last l. — since gentlemen *came up*.]
Thus we familiarly say — a fashion *comes up*.

STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 25-30. *We John Cade, &c.*] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus:

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, for our enemies shall fall before us; —

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inspired with the spirit, &c. TYRWHITT.
In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

Cade. I John Cade, so named *for* my valiancy, —

Dick. Or rather *for* stealing of a cade of sprats.

The transposition recommended by Mr Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick's quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by Cade, according to the phraseology of our author's time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick signifies — *on account of*,) is so much in Shakspeare's manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words, "Or rather of stealing," &c. be postponed to — "For our enemies shall fall before us," Dick then, as at present, would assert — that Cade is not so called on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspeare, would be destroyed. Cade, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has said.

MALONE.

P. 88, l. 27. — a *cade of herrings*.] That is,

A barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

A cade is less than a barrel. The quantity it should contain is ascertained by the accounts of the Celeress of the Abbey of Berking. "Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." Mon. Ang. I. 83.

MALONE.
Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *ca-des*, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. *Cade*, however, is derived from *Cadus*, Lat. a cask or barrel.

STEEVENS.
P. 88, l. 29. — *for our enemies shall fall before us*,] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 10. — *furr'd pack*,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outwards.

JOHNSON.
P. 89, l. 14. — *the field is honourable*:] Perhaps a quibble between *field* in its heraldic, and in its common acceptation, was designed.

STEEVENS.
P. 89, l. 16. A *cage* was formerly a term for a prison. See Minshew, in v. We yet talk of jail *birds*. MALONE.

There is scarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, still called *The Cage*. STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 25. — *his coat is of proof*.] A quibble between two senses of the word; one as being

able to resist, the other as being *well-tryed*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

P. 90, l. 3. — *there shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 17. The person whom Shakspeare makes *Clerk of Chatham* should seem to have been one *Thomas Bayley* a reputed necromancer, or fortune-teller, at Whitechapel. He had formerly been a bosom friend of Cade's, and of the same profession. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 471.

RITSON.

P. 90, l. 21. *Smith*. We took him setting of boy's copies.] We must suppose that *Smith* had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in. In the old play *Will* the *weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that *Smith* should go out after his speech — ending, "for his coat is of proof:" but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence. — It is, I think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (so Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of some low actor, has crept into the folio by mistake. MALONE.

P. 90, l. 26. — *obligations,*] That is, *bonds*. MALONE.

P. 90, last but one l. — on the top of *letters*; —]

i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. WARBURTON.

P. 92, l. 2. As for these silken-coated slaves,
I pass not ;] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

P. 93, l. 12. — *hath gelded the common-wealth,*] Shakspeare has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*: “Nolo morte dici Africani castratum esse rempublicam.” The character of the speaker, however, may countenance such indelicacy. In other places our author, less excuseably, talks of *gelding* purses, patri-monies, and continents. STEEVENS.

P. 94, l. 25. *This monument of the victory will I bear ;]* Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

“Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of guilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London.” STEEVENS.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, who was killed at *Sevenoke* in Cade's rebellion, is buried at *Broms-grove* in *Staffordshire*. VAILLANT.

P. 94, last but one l. *If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, &c.]* I think it should be read thus, *If we mean to thrive, do good ; break open the gaols, &c.* JOHNSON.

The speaker designs to say — “If we ourselves mean to thrive, and do good to others,” &c. The old reading is the true one. STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 25 - 27. — *hath this lovely face*
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me ;]
 predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakspeare into this strange

exhibition; a Queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in the presence of her husband! MALONE.

P. 96, l. 28. — *Kenelworth*.] The old copy — *Killingworth*, which (as Sir William Blackstone observes) is still the modern pronunciation.

STEEVENS.

In the letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at this place, we find, "the castle hath name of *Kyllelingwoorth*; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, *Kenelwoorth*." FARMER.

P. 98, l. 21. 22. — *that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine* —] This *pissing conduit*, I suppose, was the *Standarde* in Cheape, which, as Stowe relates, "John Wels grocer, maior 1430, caused to be made with a small cesterne for fresh water, *hauing one cocke continually running*."

RITSON.

Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, it appears to have been borrowed from the French, to whose entertainments, as well as our streets, it was sufficiently familiar, as I learn from a very curious and entertaining work entitled *Histoire de la vie privée des Français*, par M. le Grand D'Aussi, 3 vols. 8vo. 1782. STEEVENS.

P. 98, last but one l. *Knock him down there*.]

So, Holinshed, p. 634: "He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer." STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 6. *But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire*;] At that time *London-bridge*

was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw-bridge*." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. MALONE.

P. 99, l. 13. *Matthew Gough*.] "A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the King and his father." Holinshed, p. 635. STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 17. — *Now go some and pull down the Savoy*;] This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edified, till *Henry VII.* founded the hospital. RITSON.

P. 99, l. 22. 23. — *that the laws of England may come out of your mouth*.] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within for daies *all the laws of England should come forth of his mouth*." TYRWHITT.

P. 100, first l. — *burn all the records of the realm*;] Little more than half a century had elapsed from the time of writing this play, before a similar proposal was actually made in parliament. Bishop Burnet in his life of Sir Matthew Hale says; "Among the other extravagant motions made in this parliament (i. e. one of Oliver Cromwell's) one was to destroy all the records in the Tower, and to settle the nation on a new foundation; so he (Sir M. Hale) took this province to himself, to show the madness of this proposition, the injustice of it, and the mischiefs that would follow on it; and did it with such clearness and strength of reason as not only satisfied all sober

persons (for it may be supposed that was soon done) but stopt even the mouths of the frantic people themselves." REED.

P. 100, l. 10. — *fifteens*,] "This capteine (Cade) assured them — if either by force or policie they might get the King and Queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad counsellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of." Holinshed, Vol. p. 652. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 14. 15. — thou *say*, thou *serge*, nay, thou *buckram* lord!] *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. JOHNSON.

It appears from Minshew's Dict. 1617, that *say* was a kind of serge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 18. *Basimecu*,] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baisermycu*, or, by a designed corruption, *Basemycu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half English, — "Monsieur *Bussminecu*." MALONE.

P. 100, l. 27. — *thou hast caused printing to be used*;] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the fixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions. STEEVENS.

Mr. Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicae*, hath availed himself of this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corsellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. BLACKSTONE.

P. 100, l. 28. — *contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity,*] “Against the peace of the said Lord the now King, his crown, and dignity,” is the regular language of indictments. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 3. 4. — *because they could not read, thou hast hang’d them;*] This is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 7. *Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth.*] A *footcloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. STEEVENS.

A *footcloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 9. 10. — *thou ought’st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honestest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.*] This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 33. and fol. *When have I aught
exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm,
and you?*

*Large gifts have I bestow’d on learned
clerks, &c.*] This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say de-

clare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the King. This is not very clear; and, besides, he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

*When have I aught exacted at your hand,
But to maintain the King, the realm and
you?* JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands in the folio, not only declares he had preferred men of learning *to maintain Kent, the King, the realm,* but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent to maintain, &c. i. e. strenuously resolved to the utmost, to, &c.* STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the folio:

When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and
you,

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned
clerks, &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption.

MALONE.

P. 102, l. 16. — *for watching* —] That is, in consequence of watching. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 23. 24. *Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of a hatchet.*] I sup-

pose, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a hatchet*) was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Old copy — the *help* of a hatchet. But we have here, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, a strange corruption. *The help* of a hatchet is little better than nonsense, and it is almost certain our author originally wrote *pap with* a hatchet; alluding to Lyly's pamphlet with the same title, which made its appearance about the time when this play is supposed to have been written. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read — *the pap of a hatchet*; and are much indebted to Dr. Farmer for so just and happy an emendation. There is no need, however, to suppose any allusion to the title of a pamphlet: It has doubtless been a cant phrase. RITSON.

P. 103, first l. *These hands are free from*
guiltless blood — *shedding*,]

I formerly imagined that the word *guiltless* was misplaced, and that the poet wrote —

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

But change is unnecessary. *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless or innocent blood*. MALONE.

P. 103, l. 7. 8. — *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold
hold

hold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 9. A *familiar* is a daemon who was supposed to attend at call. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 13. — *James Cromer*,] It was *Wil. liam Crowmer*, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason, at Cade's mock commission of oyer and terminer at Guildhall. See *W. Wyrcester*, p. 470. RITSON.

P. 103, l. 26 – 28. — *there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it:*] Alluding to an ancient usage on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called *The Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. See also Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet*, &c. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Cowell's account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

See Blount's *GLOSSOGRAPHIA*, 8vo, 1681. in v. *Marcheta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A. D. 1057.

MALONE.

P. 103, l. 28. Men shall hold of me *in capite*;] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

P. 107, l. 11. *But I was made a King, at
nine months old:]* So
all the historians agree. And yet in Part I. Act.
III. sc. iv. King Henry is made to say:

"I do remember how my father said,"

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not
written by the same hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

P. 108, l. 16. *Gallowglasses, and Kernes,]*
These were two orders of foot-soldiers among the
Irish. STEEVENS.

"The *galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for
his weapon. These men are grim of countenance,
tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel
and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary
soldier, using for weapon his sword and target,
and sometimes his peece, being commonly good
markmen. Kerne, [Kigheyren] signifieth a show-
er of hell, because they are taken for no better
than for rake-hells, or the devil blacke garde."
Staniburst's *Description of Ireland*, Ch. viii. f.
28. BOWLE.

P. 108, l. 22-26. *Thus stands my state, 'twixt
Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a
tempest,*

*Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with
a pirate:]* The editions
read — *claim'd*; and one would think it plain
enough; alluding to York's claim to the crown.
Cade's headlong tumult was well compared to a
tempest, as York's premeditated rebellion to a
piracy. But see what it is to be critical: Mr. Theo-
bald says, *claim'd* should be *calm'd*, because a
calm frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It may be
so; but not here, if the King's word may be

taken; who expressly says, that no sooner Cade was driven back, but York appeared in arms:

But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;

And now is York in arms, to second him.

WARBURTON.

P. 109, l. 17. Kent. Iden's *Garden*.] Holinshed, p. 635, says: "— a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Sussex*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield," &c.

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage direction. *Enter Jacke Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men; and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 472. RITSON.

P. 109, l. 30-32. — *for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-ban had been cleft with a brown bill;*] A *sallet* by corruption from *caelata*, a helmet, (says Skinner,) *quia galeae caelatae fuerunt.* POPE.

I do not see by what rules of etymology, *sallet* can be formed from *caelata*. Is it not rather a corruption from the French *salut*, taken, I suppose, from the scriptural phrase, the *helmet of salvation*? *Brain-pan*, for skull, occurs, I think in Wicliff's translation of Judges xix. 53.

WHALLEY.

Salade has the same meaning in French, as appears from a line in *La Pucelle d'Orleans*:

“Devers la place arriye un Ecuyer
 “Portant *salade*, avec lance doreé.”

M. MASON.

Minshew conjectures that it is derived “à salut, Gal. because it keepeth the head whole from breaking.” He adds, “alias *salade* dicitur, a. G. *salade*, idem; utrumque vero *celando*, quod caput tegit.”

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2. we find — “twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *salets*.” MALONE.

P. 111, l. 14–16. *As for more words, whose greatness answers words, Let this my sword report what speech forbears.*] Sir Thomas Ham-mer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton, read:

As for more words, let this my sword report (Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

It seems to be a poor praise of a sword, that *its greatness answers words*, whatever be the meaning of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat obscure, seems to me more capable of explanation. *For more words, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.* JOHNSON.

P. 111, l. 32. 33. *Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,*

And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:] How Iden was

to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

Oh, sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in
my chamber

Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great service thou hast done to me.

STEEVENS.

P. 112, l. 6. *How much thou wrong'st me,*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson,] suggests that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess, and declaring that he was subdued by famine, not by the valour of his adversary, — I think Dr. Johnson's is the true interpretation. MALONE.

P. 112, l. 11–16. *So wish I, I might thrust
thy soul to hell,*

*Hence will I drag thee headlong by the
heels*

*Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
&c.]* Not to dwell upon

the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body shall be laid*: the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. MALONE.

P. 113, l. 6. — *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

P. 113, l. 7. *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;*] I read: —
A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.

York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that, if he has a sword, he will have a scepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to say — If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter.

STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to “toss the flower-de-luce of France on his *scepter*,” which sounds but oddly. To toss it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French.

However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.

MALONE.

P. 116, l. 3. 4. *May Iden live to merit such a bounty,*

And never live but true unto his Liege!]
 Iden has said before:

*Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
 And may enjoy, &c.*

Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no

sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden's eulogium on the happiness of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours bestowed by his Majesty, Shakspeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

P. 117, l. 5-8. — *first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;*] As these lines stand, I think the sense perplexed and obscure. I have ventured to transpose them.

WARBURTON.

I believe these lines should be replaced in the order, in which they stood till Dr. Warburton transposed them. By *these* York means *his knees*. He speaks, as Mr. Upton would have said, *δεικτικῶς*: laying his hand upon, or at least pointing to, his knees. TYRWHITT.

By *these* York evidently means his sons, whom he had just called for. Tyrwhitt's supposition, that he meant to ask his *knees*, whether he should bow his *knees* to any man, is not imagined with his usual sagacity. M. MASON.

I have no doubt that York means either his sons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point. Dr. Warburton transposed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line of the speech at the beginning of it. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unnecessary. The folio reads — *of thee*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was substituted for *son* by the editor of the second folio. The correction is justified both by the context and the old play, "*For my enfranchisement,*" instead of — *of my*, &c. was likewise his correction. MALONE.

P. 117, l. 20. — *their father's bail; and bane to those &c.*] Considering how our author loves to play on words similar in their sound, but opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) signifies detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c. THEOBALD.

Bale signifies sorrow. Either word may serve. JOHNSON.

P. 118, l. 6. — *a bedlam and ambitious humour*] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of King Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. GREY.

Shakspeare was led into this anachronism by the author of the elder play. MALONE.

It is no anachronism, and Dr. Grey was mistaken. "Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph," says Stow, "is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers: then an *Hospitall* of *S. Mary of Bethlem*, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sheriffes of Londo, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to haue beene a priorie of Cannons with brethren and sisters, and King Edward the thirde granted a protection, which I have seene, for the brethren *Milicæ beatae Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. *It was an hospitall for distracted people.*" Sur-vay of London, 1598, p. 127. RITSON.

P. 118, l. 26. *Salisbury, and Warwick,*] The Nevils, Earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged staff* for their cognizance. SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 118, l. 33. and fol. *Bear-baiting* was anciently a royal sport. See Stowe's account of Queen Elizabeth's Amusements of this kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*. PERCY.

The one of them has adopted his description from the other. HENLEY.

P. 119, first l. — *being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,*] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however sure but the poet meant, being in a state of *sufferance* or pain. MALONE.

P. 120, l. 25. — *burgonet,*] Is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 6. A *stigmatick* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. STEEVENS.

This certainly is the meaning here. A *stigmatick* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. See Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616.

MALONE.
P. 122, l. 3. *York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,*

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.] This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles' conduct in the 22d Iliad, v. 205, where he expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 22. *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake. JOHNSON.

P. 122, l. 24. Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters

considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

"Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all abreast
"Charg'd our main battle's front; and break-
ing in,

"Were by the swords of common soldiers
slain." PERCY.

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in *The True tragedie of Richard Duke of York, &c.* on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 1. 2. *Throw in the frozen bosoms
of our part*

Hot coals of vengeance!] This phrase is scriptural. So, in the 140th Psalm: "Let *hot burning coals* fall upon them." STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 8. *And the premised flames of the
last day]* Premised, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.

WARBURTON.

P. 123, l. 12. *To cease!]* Is to *stop*, a verb active. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 13. — *to atchieve* —] Is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

P. 123, l. 14. *Advised is wise, experienced,*
MALONE.

Advised is cautious, considerate. So before in this play;

“And bid me be *advised* how I tread.”

STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 15. — *in thy reverence*,] In that period of life which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has used the word in the same manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother says to the elder, (speaking of their father,) “thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*.”

MALONE.

P. 123, l. 27. *As wild Medea young Absyrtus did*:] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid. Trist. Lib. III. El. 9. MALONE.

P. 124, l. 4. For, *underneath an alehouse' paltry sign*,] The particle *for* in this line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read:

Fall'n *underneath an alehouse' paltry sign*, &c.

Yet the alteration is not necessary; for the old reading is sense, though obscure. JOHNSON.

P. 125, l. 5. 6. — *uncurable discomfit*
Reigns in the hearts of all our present
parts.] Should we not read? — *party*. TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:

“Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*
“Hot coals of vengeance.”

I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time. MALONE.

A hundred instances might be brought in proof that *part* and *party* were synonymously used. But that is not the present question. Mr. Tyrwhitt's

ear (like every other accustomed to harmony of versification) must naturally have been shocked by the leonine gingle of *hearts* and *parts*, which is not found in any one of the passages produced by Mr. Malone in defence of the present reading.

STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 17. — brush of time ;] Read *bruise* of time. WARBURTON.

The *brush of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I suppose to be the true one. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 18. The *brow of youth* is an expression not very easily explained. I read *the blow of youth*; the blossom, the spring.

JOHNSON.

The *brow of youth* is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its summit. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 23-25. *Three times to-day I help him to his horse,*

Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,

Persuaded him from any further act:] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defending him till he recovered.

JOHNSON.

Of this act of friendship, which Shakspeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find on the opposite page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

P. 126, l. 15. *Being opposites of such repairing nature.]* Being

enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.

To *repair* in our author's language is, to *renovate*. MALONE.

P. 126, l. 16. *For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,*

To call a present court of parliament.] The King and Queen left the stage only just as York entered, and have not said a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this? — The fact is, as we have seen, that in the old play the King does say, “he will call a parliament,” but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting his original.

MALONE.

N O T E S T O

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

***The action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of King Henry VI. and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King

Edward V. [November 4, 1471,] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

THEOBALD.

I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of THE WHOLE CONTENTION, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me; and it is not precisely the same with that described by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correspond with their description. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houses Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall, 1600.* On this piece Shakspeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. MALONE.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne, in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:

“For by his feeble skill ’tis built alone,
“The divine Shakspeare did not lay one
stone.”

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of

King Henry VI. and several others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

Page 131, line 2. This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNSON.

P. 131, l. 18-21. *Lord Clifford, and lord
Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and,
breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers
slain.*] This is an inadvertency in our author. The elder Clifford was slain by York, and his son lives to revenge his death. M. MASON.

Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, has pointed out the inconsistency between this account, and the representation there, Clifford being killed on the stage by the Duke of York, the present speaker. Shakspeare was led into this inconsistency by the author of the original plays: if indeed there was but one author, for this circumstance might lead us to suspect that the *first* and *second* part of *The Contention*, &c. were not written by the same hand. — However, this is not decisive; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakspeare undoubtedly was. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 4. Rich. *Speak thou for me, and
tell them what I did, &c.*] Here, as Mr. Elderton of Salisbury has observed
to

to me, is a gross anachronism. At the time of the first battle of Saint Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the preceding play to have fought, he was, according to that gentleman's calculation, not one year old, having (as he conceives) been born at Fotheringay castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first act of this play is referred, he was, according to the same gentleman's computation, but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

For this anachronism the author or authors of the old plays on which our poet founded these two parts of King Henry the Sixth, are answerable. MALONE.

P. 133, l. 16. — if Warwick *shake his bells.*] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 33. York. '*Twas my inheritance,*
as the earldom was.]

York means, I suppose, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, Anne Mortimer, the wife of the Earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly asserts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as Duke of York, but Earl of March. MALONE.

P. 136, l. 4. Thy *father was, as thou art,*
Duke of York;] This is a mistake, into which Shakspeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard

Duke of York was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the lifetime of his elder brother Edward Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads — *My father*. The true reading was furnished by the old play. MALONE.

P. 136, l. 7. *I am the son of Henry the fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry the Fifth dispersed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 23. The phrase *prejudicial to the crown*, if it be right, must mean, detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we should read — *prejudicial to his son, to his next heir*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Percy observes on Dr. Johnson's note, that *son* could not have been the right word, as Richard the second had no issue; and our author would hardly have used it simply for *heir general*. *Prejudicial to the crown*, is right, i. e. to the prerogative of the crown. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 18. *They seek revenge, &c.*] They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 8. — *I'll to my castle.*] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. MALONE.

P. 140, l. 10. — *bewray* —] i. e. betray, discover. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 19. *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The Queen's reproach is founded on a position long received

among politicians, that the loss of a King's power is soon followed by loss of life. JOHNSON.

P. 141, l. 22. *Stern Faulconbridge* commands the narrow seas;] The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Faulconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his enel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such, at least, were his instructions, with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See *Hall* and *Hollinshead*. RITSON.

P. 142, l. 25. *Will cost my crown*;] Read *coast*, i. e. hover over it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's alteration aims at a distinction without a difference, both *cost* and *coast* being

ultimately derivations] of the same original.

HENLEY.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, has been supposed to violate the metaphor; nor indeed is *to coast* used as a term of falconry in any of the books professedly written on that subject. *To coast* is a seafaring expression, and means to keep along shore. We may, however, maintain the integrity of the figure, by inserting the word *cote*, which is used in *Hamlet*, and in a sense convenient enough on this occasion:

“We *coted* them on the way.”

To cote is to come up with, to overtake, to reach.

Mr. Tollet therefore observes, that Dr. Warburton's interpretation may be right, as Holinshed often uses the verb *to coast*, i. e. to hover, or range about any thing. STEEVENS.

Will cost my crown; i. e. will cost me my crown; will induce on me the expence or loss of my crown. MALONE.

Had this been our author's meaning, he would have otherwise formed his verse, and written “cost *me* my crown.” STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 26. *Tire on the flesh of me, &c.] To tire* is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*. JOHNSON.

To tire is to peck. STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 30. — *you shall be the messenger.] That is, of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.* JOHNSON.

P. 143, l. 10. — *sons, and brother,] I believe we should read — cousin instead of brother, unless brother be used by Shakspeare as a term expressive of endearment, or because they embarked, like brothers, in one cause.* Montague

was only cousin to York, and in the quarto he is so called. Shakspeare uses the expression, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It should be *sons and brothers*; my sons, and brothers to each other. JOHNSON.

Brother is right. In the two succeeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes, or of the same council as in *King Henry VIII.* who says to Cranmer, "You are *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakspeare made a mistake about the time of the marriage.

TOLLET.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnson advises. But as York again in this scene addresses Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uses the same to York, Dr. Johnson's conjecture cannot be right. Shakspeare certainly supposed them to be brothers-in-law. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 7. *An oath is of no moment, &c.]* The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just. JOHNSON.

P. 143 — 146. to SCENE II.] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against

that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. JOHNSON.

It will be no more than justice to York, if we recollect that this scene, so far as respects the oath, and his resolution to break it, proceeds entirely from our author's imagination. Neither the Earl of March nor Richard was then at Sandal; the latter being likewise a mere child, barely turned of eight years old. His appearance, therefore, and actions in this, and, at least, the two first acts of the following play, are totally unsupported by history and truth.

It may be likewise observed that the Queen was not actually present at this battle, not returning out of Scotland till some little time after. This insurrection, which the Duke, not in breach of, but in strict conformity with his oath to the King, and in discharge of his duty as protector of the realm, had marched from London to suppress, was headed by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Nevil, who in direct violation of a mutual agreement, and before the day prefixed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the Duke's army, made him and Salisbury prisoners, and treated him in the manner here described. See *Whethamstede*. Salisbury was next day killed at Pontefract by a bastard son of the Duke of Exeter, and beheaded, with York, Rutland, and others, after death. *W. Wyrcester*. RITSON.

In October 1460, when it was established in parliament that the Duke of York should succeed to the throne after Henry's death, the Duke and

his two sons, the Earl of March and the Earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatsoever that might "sound to the abridgement of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminishing of his reign or dignity royal." Having persuaded the King to send for the Queen and the Prince of Wales, (who were then in York) and finding that she would not obey his requisition, he on the second of December set out for his castle in Yorkshire, with such military power as he had; a messenger having been previously dispatched to the Earl of March, to desire him to follow his father with all the forces he could procure. The Duke arrived at Sandal castle on the 24th of December, and in a short time his army amounted to five thousand men. An anonymous Remarker, [the author of the preceding note,] however, very confidently asserts, that "this scene, so far as respects York's *oath* and *his resolution to break it*, proceeds entirely from the author's imagination." His oath is on record; and what his *resolution* was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and sent the message above stated to his son, it is not very difficult to conjecture.

MALONE.

P. 146, l. 12. — *his Tutor.*] A priest called Sir Robert Aspall, *Hall. Henry VI. fol. 99.*

RITSON.

P. 146, l. 20. *Whose father —*] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the Duke of York.

MALONE.

P. 147, l. 1-3. *So looks the pent-up lion
o'er the wretch*

That trembles under his devouring paws:]
That is, The lion that hath been long confined

without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 34. Rut. *But 'twas ere I was born.*] Rutland is under a mistake. The battle of St. Alban's, in which old Clifford was slain, happened in 1455; that of Wakefield in 1460. He appears to have been at this time above seventeen years old. RITSON.

The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakspeare. Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; according to Hall in 1448; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old; more probably twelve. The same observation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

P. 148, l. 18. *My uncles both—*] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*. p. 649. PERCY.

P. 149, l. 10. *We bodg'd again;*] I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, for *botchery*. To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and awkwardly; and thence to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders — “To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, disperdere.*”

I suspect, however, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read — *We budg'd again.* “To *budge*” Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retreat; the precise sense required here. MALONE.

I believe that — *we bodg'd* only means, *we made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.* A low unskilful tailor is often called a *botcher*. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 30. — at the *noontide prick*.] Or, noontide point on the dial. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 30. *It is war's prize* — —] Read — *praise*. WAREURTON.

I think the old reading right, which means, that all 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and used. JOHNSON.

To take all advantages, is rather to the discredit than to the praise of war, and therefore Warburton's amendment cannot be right; nor can I approve of Johnson's explanation; — it appears to me that — it is *war's prize*, means merely that it is the estimation of people at war; the settled opinion. M. MASON.

P. 151, l. 3. *So true men yield, mith robbers so o'er-match'd*.]

A true man has been already explained to be an honest man, as opposed to a thief. MALONE.

P. 151, l. 9. That *raught* —] i. e. That *reach'd*. The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach*. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 22. A *napkin* is a handkerchief.

JOHNSON.

P. 152, l. 6. *Putting a paper crown on his head*.] Shakspeare has on this occasion deviated from history, if such of our *English Chronicles* as I have occasionally looked into, may be believed. According to these, the paper crown was not placed on the Duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford, till after his father's death.

STEEVENS.

The ingenious commentator is most certainly mistaken. Shakspeare, so far from having deviated from history, has followed it with the utmost precision. *Whethamstede* expressly tells us,

that the Lancastrians, in direct breach of a mutual agreement, and before the day appointed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the Duke's army, and took him and the Earl of Salisbury prisoners; treating both, but especially the Duke, in the most shameful manner. Not a single circumstance is omitted, or varied in the scene. It is not, however, imagined that Shakspeare had ever consulted Whethamstede: he found the same story no doubt in some old black letter chronicle, which it has not been the writer's fortune to meet with, or he might possibly have it from a popular tradition.

RITSON.

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinshed after giving Hall's narration of this business almost *verbatim*, adds, — "Some write, that the Duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a *mole-hill*, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Christe in scorne, saying to him, hayle King without rule, hayle King without heritage, hayle Duke and Prince without people or possessions. And at length having thus scorned him with these and dyverse other the like despitfull woordes, they stroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they presented to the Queen."

Both the chroniclers say, that the Earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be presumed that his father had first fallen. The Earl's tutor probably attempted to save him as soon as the rout began.

MALONE.

P. 152, l. 12. 13. — *you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with
death.*] On York's re-
turn from Ireland, at a meeting of parliament it
was settled, that Henry should enjoy the throne
during his life, and that York should succeed him.
MALONE.

P. 152, l. 14. *And will you pale —*] i. e.
impale, encircle with a crown. MALONE.

P. 152, l. 20. — *to do him death.*] To kill
him. MALONE.

P. 153, l. 3. — *the type —*] i. e. the dis-
tinguishing mark; an obsolete use of the word.
STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 14. *Government*, in the language
of that time, signified evenness of temper, and
decency of manners. JOHNSON.

P. 153, l. 18. — *septentrion —*] i. e. the
North. *Septentrio*, Lat. STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 4-6. *That face of his the hungry
cannibals*

*Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood:]* So,
the second folio nonsensically reads the passage;
but the old quarto, &c. of better authority, have
it thus:

*That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood.*

And this is sense. Could any one now have be-
lieved that an editor of common understanding
should reject this, and fasten upon the nonsense of
the later edition, only because it afforded matter
of conjecture? and yet Mr. Theobald will needs
correct, *roses just with blood*, to *roses juic'd
with blood*, that is change one blundering editor's

nonsense for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expressed:

*Would not have stain'd the roses just
in bud,*

And this the Oxford editor hath espoused.

WARBURTON.

As, without correction, the words — *the roses just*, do not make good sense, there is very little reason to suspect their being interpolated, and therefore it is most probable they were preserved among the players by memory. The correction is this:

*That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd:*

*Would not have stain'd the roses just i'
th' bloom.*

The words [*the roses just*] were, I suppose, left out by the first editors, in order to get rid of the superfluous hemistich. MUSGRAVE.

P. 155, l. 6. *York* —] This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son the Earl of March, with a large body of Welchmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his son Edmond Earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Fotheringay church; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to. 1627,) "when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and sacred monuments in the head, was also felled to the ground," they were removed into the churchyard; and afterwards "lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth; and a mean monument of plaister wrought

with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting so noble Princes."

"I remember, (adds the same writer,) Master Creuse, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the same time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be discerned, and withall that the dutchess Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a silke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and fresh to be read, as it had been written yesterday." This *pardon* was probably a dispensation which the Duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had sworn to Henry in St. Paul's church on the 10th of March, 1452.

MALONE.

P. 155, l. 28. — *he bore him* —] i. e. he demeaned himself. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 4. — '*'tis prize enough to be his son.*'] The old quarto reads — *pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this.

WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's sense is, though we have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. JOHNSON.

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 6. *And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. JOHNSON.

P. 156, l. 9. *Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?*] This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holins-

lied: "—— at which tyme the son (as some write) appeared to the Earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogether in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke such courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge or cognisance." These are the words of Holinshed.

MALONE.

P. 156, l. 13. — the *racking clouds*,] i. e. the clouds in rapid, tumultuary motion.

STEEVENS.

P. 156, l. 23. — *blazing by our meeds*,] Illustrious and shining by the armorial ensigns granted us as *meeds* of our great exploits. *Meed* likewise is *Merit*. It might be plausibly read:

—— *blazing by our deeds*. JOHNSON.

Johnson's first explanation of this passage is not right. *Meed* here means *merit*. M. MASON.

P. 157, l. 3. Edw. *O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.*]

The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

JOHNSON.

P. 159, first l. *Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with forces.*] This meeting was at Chipping-Norton. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 843. RITSON.

P. 159, l. 15. *Done to death* for *killed*, was a common expression long before Shakspeare's time. GRAY.

Spenser mentions a plague "which many *did to dye*." JOHNSON.

P. 160, l. 10. Our soldiers — *like the night-owl's lazy flight, &c.*] This image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it ne-

cessary to the comparison, which is happily enough completed by the thrasher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson objects to this comparison as incongruous to the subject; but I think, unjustly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his soldiers, to the lazy strokes which the wings of the owl give to the air in its flight, which is remarkably slow. M. MASON.

P. 160, l. 22. *Edw.*] The exact ages of the Duke of York's children, introduced in the present play, will best prove how far our author has, either intentionally or otherwise, deviated, in this particular, from historical truth.

Edward, Earl of March, afterward Duke of York, and King of England, his *second* son, was born at Rouen, on Monday the 27th or 28th of April, 1442; Edmund, Earl of Rutland, his *third* son, at the same place, on Monday the 17th of May, 1443; George of York, afterward Duke of Clarence, his *sixth* son, in Dublin, on Tuesday the 21st of October, 1449; and Richard of York, afterward Duke of Gloster, and King of England, his *eighth* son, at Fotheringay, on Monday the 2d of October, 1452, Henry, the *first* son born in 1441, William, the *fourth*, in 1447, John, the *fifth*, in 1448, and Thomas the seventh, in 1451, died young. He had likewise four daughters. The battle of Wakefield was fought the 29th of December, 1460, when Edward, of course, was in his *nineteenth* year, Rutland in his *eighteenth*, George in his *twelfth*, and Richard in his *ninth*.

RITSON.

P. 160, l. 28-30. *And for your brother, —
he was lately sent*

*From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.*]

This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, whom Shakspeare calls the Duke's aunt, was daughter of John I. King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, no more than third cousins. RITSON.

P. 161, l. 21. — *the haught Northumberland,*] So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* says, p. 417: "—the Lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called Sir Henry Hotspurre." PERCY.

P. 163, first l. *Why then it sorts,*] Why then things are as they should be. JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 29. — *things ill-got had ever bad success?*] The proverb quoted by his Majesty on this occasion, seems to militate directly against his own argument, and shows that things ill got might have good success. M. MASON.

P. 164, l. 30. 31. — *happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to
hell?*] Alluding to a common proverb:

*Happy the child whose father went to the
devil.* JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 20. — *thirty thousand* —] The quarto reads *fifty thousand*. STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 24. *Darraign* your battle,] That is. *Range* your host, put your host in order. JOHNSON
P. 166,

P. 166, l. 17-21. *Since when his oath is broke; &c.]* Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the Duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Chronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the King did closely or apertly studye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde Duke or his bloud, then he *to forget the crowne*, and the Duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the Duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would have now a title to the crown. MALONE.

P. 167, l. 4. *Your legs did better service than your hands.]* An allusion to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." STEEVENS.

P. 167, last but one l. *By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,]* It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 17. "A *stigmatic*," says J. Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, "is a notorious lewd fellow, which hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment." STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 19. — *lizard's dreadful stings.]* This is the second time that Shakspeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no such defence) with a sting; but great powers seem to have been imputed to its looks. STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 20. *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 22. A *channel*, in our author's time, signified what we now call a *kennel*. MALONE.

Kennel is still pronounced *channel* in the North.

RITSON.

P. 168, l. 25. *To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?*] To show thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou railest at my deformity.

JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 26. *A wisp of straw* —] I suppose, for an instrument of correction that might disgrace, but not hurt her. JOHNSON.

I believe that a *wisp* signified some instrument of correction used in the time of Shakspeare. Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wispe* by *peniculus* or *σπογγος*, which signify any thing to wipe or cleanse with; a cook's linen apron, &c. Pewter is still scoured by a *wispe of straw*, or *hay*. Perhaps Edward means one of these *wisps*, as the denotement of a menial servant. Barrett adds, that, like a *wase*, it signifies "a wreath to be laied under the vessel that is borne upon the head, as women use." If this be its true sense, the Prince may think that such a *wisp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a *crown*. It appears, however, from a passage in Thomas Drant's translation of the seventh satire of *Horace*, 1567, that a *wispe* was the punishment of a scold. STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 28. *Callet*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls.

GREY.

P. 168. l. 30. Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;] i. e. a cuckold. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Thersites, speaking of *Menelaus*, calls him "—the goodly

transformation of Jupiter there, — the primitive statue and *oblique memorial of cuckolds*.

STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 13-20. *But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,*

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root, &c.]

When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determined to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

P. 170, l. 2. *A field of battle between Towton, &c.]* We should read near *Towton*. Shakespeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The Lord Fitzwater, being stationed by King Edward, to defend the pass of Ferrybridge, was assaulted by the Lord Clifford, and immediately slain, “and with hym, “says Hall, the bastard of Salisbury, brother to “the Earl of Warwycke, a valeaunt yong gentleman, and of great audacitie. When the Earl of “Warwycke,” adds he, “was informed of this “feate, he lyke a man desperated, mounted on “his hackeney, and came blowing to Kyng Edward, sayng: Syr, I praye God have mercy of “their soules, which in the beginning of your “enterprise hath lost their lyfes, and because I se “no succors of the world, I remit the vengeance “and punishment to God our Creator and Redeemer; and with that lighted doune, and slewe “his horse with his swourde, sayng: let them flye “that wyl, for surely I wil tarye with him that “wil tarye with me, and kissed the crosse of his “swourde.” Clifford, in his retreat, was beset

with a party of Yorkists, when "eyther," says the historian, "for heat or payne, putting of his gorget, sodainly with an arrowe (as some say) without an hedde [he] was stricken into the throte, and incontinent rendered his spirite, and the erle of Westmerlandes brother, and almost all his company were thare slayn, at a place called Dinting dale, not farr from Towton." In the afternoon of the next day (Palm Sunday eve 1461) on a plain field between Towton and Saxton, joined the main battles which continued engaged that night, and the greater part of the following day: upwards of 30,000 men, all English (including many of the nobility and the flower of the gentry, especially of the northern parts) being slain on both sides. This battle, says Carte, "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England." RITSON.

An authentick copy of King Edward's account of this battle, together with a list of the noblemen and knights who were slain in it, may be seen in Sir John Fenn's Collection of *The Paston Letters*, Vol. I. p. 216, &c. HENLEY.

P. 171, l. 4. *Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,*] This passage, from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old quarto applies this description to the death of Salisbury, Warwick's father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of history. For the Earl of Salisbury in the battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard Duke of York lost his life, was taken prisoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with the Duke of York's, fixed over York gates. Then the only

brother of Warwick, introduced in this play, is the marquess of Montacute (or Montague, as he is called by our author): but he does not die till ten years after, in the battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewise was killed. The truth is, the brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, and his death is only an accidental piece of history. Consulting the Chronicles, upon this action at Ferrybridge, I find him to have been a natural son of Salisbury (in that respect a brother to Warwick) and esteemed a valiant young gentleman. THEOBALD.

In this line, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare had probably the sacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive *thy brother's* blood." GENESIS, iv. 11.

The old play (as Theobald has observed) applies this description to the death of Salisbury, contrary to the truth of history, for that nobleman was taken prisoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinshed, in nearly the same words, relate the circumstance on which this speech as exhibited in the *folio*, is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together. MALONE.

P. 171, l. 18. *And look upon,*] And are mere spectators. MALONE.

P. 171, l. 32. *Beseeching thee, —*] That is, beseeching the divine power. MALONE.

P. 172, l. 15. — *quailing —*] i. e. sinking into dejection. STEEVENS.

P. 172, l. 17. To *fore-slow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 4. and fol. *O God! methinks, it were a happy life, &c.]* This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.

JOHNSON.

P. 174, l. 19. *Poor fool*, it has already been observed, is an expression of tenderness, often used by our author. MALONE.

P. 174, l. 20. *So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:]* i. e. the years which must elapse between the time of the yeanning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to such a state as to admit of being shorn. MALONE.

P. 175, l. 5. and fol. & P. 176, l. 3. and fol. These two horrible incidents are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war.

JOHNSON.

In the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the second of these incidents is introduced on a similar occasion. STEEVENS.

P. 175, last l. & P. 176, first l. *And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war, Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.]* The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The King intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves. JOHNSON.

P. 176, l. 17. *Stratagem* seems to stand here

only for an event of war, or may intend snares and surprizes. JOHNSON.

Stratagem is used by Shakspeare not merely to express the events and surprizes of war. — The word means in this place some *dreadful event*, as it does also in the second part of Henry IV. where Northumberland says:

“—— Every minute now

“Should be the father of some *stratagem*.”

M. MASON.

P. 176, l. 20. 21. *O boy, thy father gave thee
life too soon,*

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!]

Because had he been born later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

WARBURTON.

i. e. He should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of the two lines; however, an indifferent sense was better than none, as it is brought to by the Oxford editor, by reading the lines thus:

*O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon.*

WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning of the line, *And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon*, to be this: Thy father exposed thee to danger by giving thee *life too soon*, and hath bereft thee of life by living himself too long. JOHNSON.

Too late, without doubt, means *too recently*. The memory of thy virtues and thy hapless end is *too recent*, to be thought of without the deepest anguish. MALONE.

The present reading appears to be far the more eligible. Had the son been younger, he would

have been precluded from the levy that brought him into the field; and had the father recognized him before the mortal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death.

HENLEY.

P. 177, l. 2. *Take on with me,*] Be enraged at me. MALONE.

To *take on* is a phrase still in use among the vulgar, and signifies — *to persist in clamorous lamentation.* STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 22. *Obsequious* is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.

P. 177, l. 23. 24. *Sad for the loss of thee,
having no more,*

As Priam was for all his valiant sons,] I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 29. — *thy tough commixtures* —] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture.* JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 3. and fol. *O Phoebus! hadst thou
never given consent*

*That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
&c.]* The Duke of York had been entrusted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aspire to the throne.

MALONE.

P. 179, l. 17. *No way to fly, nor strength
to hold out flight:]* This line is clear and proper as it is now read; yet perhaps an opposition of images was meant, and Clifford said:

*No way to fly, nor strength to hold out
fight.*

JOHNSON.

The sense of the original reading is — No way

to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were. STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 29. *Now breathe we, Lords;*] This battle, in which the house of York was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Saxton, on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army consisted, according to Hall, of about forty thousand men; and the young Duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-six persons are said to have been killed; the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancastrians. MALONE.

P. 180, l. 13. 14. — *like life and death's departing.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing*; which Dr. Warburton has received. JOHNSON.

Departing for *separation*. MALONE.

There is no occasion for correction. "Till death us *depart*" was the expression in the old *Marriage Service*. FARMER.

P. 181, l. 13. — *eager words.*] Sour words; words of asperity. JOHNSON.

P. 182, l. 30. For Gloster's dukedom is *too ominous.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 3. *Enter two Keepers,*] In the folio, instead of *two keepers*, we have, through negligence, the names of the persons who represented these characters; *Sinklo*, and *Humphrey*.

MALONE.

Dr. Grey observes from Hall and Holinshed, that the name of the person who took *King Henry*, was *Cantlowe*.

I learn also from one of the Paston Letters, Vol. I. p. 249, that Giles *Senctlowe* was among the persons then in Scotland with the Queen.

STEEVENS.

One Giles *Santlowe*, esquire, is among those attainted by King Edward's first parliament, and may possibly be here meant, but no person of that name seems to have been any way concerned in the capture of the late King; who, according to W. Wyrcester, was actually taken in *Lancashire*, by two knights named *John Talbois* and *Richard Tunstall*, — July, 1464. Drummond of Hawthornden observes, it was recorded "that a son of *Sir Edward Talbots* apprehended him as he sat at dinner at *Wadding-town-hall*; and like a common malefactor, with his legs under the horse's belly, guarded him toward London." It is a more certain fact, which I have from records in the Duchy Office, that King Edward granted to *Sir James Harrington* a rent-charge of one hundred pounds out of his lordship of Rowland in Lancashire, in recompence of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the King's great traitor, rebel and enemy, lately called Henry the sixth, made by the said James; and likewise annuities to *Richard Talbot*, *Thomas Talbot*, esquires, — *Talbot*, and — *Livesey*, for their services in the same capture. See also Rymer's *Foedera*, xi. 548. Henry had been for some time harboured by James Maychell of Crakenthorpe, Westmoreland. *Ib.* 575. It seems clear, however, that the present scene is to be placed near the Scottish border. The King himself says: "From Scotland am I stoln, even of pure love;"

And Hall (and Holinshed after him) tells us

"He was no sooner entered [into England], but he was knowen and taken of one *Cantlowe*, and brought toward the King." RITSON.

P. 183, l. 5. A *brake* anciently signified a *thicket*. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 7. *Laund* means the same as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods. STEEVENS.

This explanation accords with the site of *Laund Abbey* in *Leicestershire*. NICHOLS.

P. 183, l. 13-15, — *the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is
lost.*] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession. STEEVENS.

P. 183, last l. *Thy balm wash'd off, where-
with thou wast anointed:*]

This is an image very frequent in the works of *Shakspeare*. So, again, in this scene:

I was anointed King,

It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

P. 184, l. 7. This is the *quondam* King;] *Quondam* had not in *Shakspeare's* time uniformly acquired a ludicrous sense. "Make them *quondams* (says *Latimer* in one of his sermons) out with them, cast them out of their office." And in another place, "He will have every man a *quondam*, as he is. As for my *quondamship* I thank God that he gaue me the grace to come by it, by so honest a meanes as I did; I thanke him for mayne owne *quondamship*, and as for them I will not haue them made *quondams*, if they discharge their office. I would haue them

"doe their duety. I would haue no more quon:
"dams, as God help me." fol. 53.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 185, l. 11 - 13. *O Margaret, thus 'twill be;
and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.]*

The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen. STEEVENS.

P. 185, l. 22. *Why, so I am, in mind;]*
There seems to be an allusion to a line in an old song,

"My mind to me a kingdom is." MALONE.

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 16. *Sir John Grey,]* It was hitherto falsely printed *Richard*. POPE.

Sir John Grey was slain at the second battle of St. Albans' fighting on the side of King Henry.

MALONE.

P. 187, l. 21. 22. *Because in quarrel of the
house of York*

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.]

This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey, as has been already observed, fell in the second battle of Saint Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret,) that they were in fact seized by the very person who now speaks, after his great victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464.

Shakspeare in new moulding this play followed implicitly his author, (for these five lines, with only a slight variation in the third, and fifth, are

found in the old play,) without giving himself the trouble to examine the history; but a few years afterwards, when he had occasion to write his *Richard III.* and was not warped by a preceding misrepresentation of another writer, he stated from the chronicles this matter truly as it was; and this is one of the numerous circumstances that prove incontestably, in my apprehension, that he was not the original author of this and the preceding play. MALONE.

P. 188, l. 5. and fol. *Widow, we will consider of your suit; &c.]*

This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

P. 191, l. 7. — *sadness* — i. e. seriousness.

STEEVENS.

P. 192, l. 7-10. *Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;*

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: &c.] This is part of the King's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle*: "That she is a widow, and hath already children; by God's blessed lady I am a batchelor, and have some too, and so each of us hath a prooffe that neither of us is like to be barrain;" &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 194, l. 17. *Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,]*

It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. JOHNSON.

P. 194, l. 23. *As are of better person than myself,*] Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON.

P. 194, l. 28. 29. *Until¹ my mishap'd trunk²
that bears this head,³
Be round impaled, &c.]* A transposition seems to be necessary:
“Until¹ my head,² that this mishap'd trunk³
bears.”

Otherwise the *trunk that bears the head* is to be encircled with the crown, and not the *head* itself. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer reads as Mr. Steevens recommends. I believe our author is answerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

— *impaled* —] i. e. encircled. STEEVENS.

P. 195, l. 18. *And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.]* As this is an anachronism, and the old quarto reads:

And set the aspiring Catiline to school, —
I don't know why it should not be preferred.

WARBURTON.

This is not the first proof I have met with, that

Shakspeare, in his attempts to familiarize ideas, has diminished their propriety. STEEVENS.

Cataline first occurred to the author of the old play, who was probably a scholar; and *Machiavel*, who is mentioned in various books of our author's age, as the great exemplar of profound politicians, naturally was substituted by Shakspeare in his room. See this play, P. I. Act V. sc. iv:

"Alençon! that notorious *Machiavel*!"

MALONE.

P. 197, l. 21. WARWICK,] This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the King's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the King, Shakspeare, it is true, found in Hall and Holinshed; but later, as well as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the King and his political creator, to causes which have not reached posterity, or to that jealousy and ingratitude so natural, perhaps, to those who are under obligations too great to be discharged.

There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended upon than this fabulous story of Warwick and the lady Bona. The King was privately married to lady Elizabeth Widvile in 1463, and in February 1465 Warwick actually stood sponsor to the princess Elizabeth their first child. What secretly displeased him was, 1. the King's marrying one of the Queen's sisters to the Duke of Buckingham; 2. his conferring the office of lord treasurer (which he had taken from the Lord Montjoy) upon lord Rivers, the Queen's brother; 3. his making a match between the son and heir of the Lord

Herbert and another of the Queen's sisters; and between that nobleman's daughter and the young Lord Lisle; and creating young Herbert knight and Lord of Dunstar; 4. his making a match between Sir Thomas Grey, the Queen's son, and lady Ann daughter and heiress of the Duke of Exeter, the King's niece, who had been talked of as a wife for the Earl of Northumberland, Warwick's brother. See *Wilhelmi Wyrcester Annales*, which are unfortunately defective from the beginning of November 1468, at which time no open rupture had taken place between the King and Warwick, who, for any thing that appears to the contrary, were, at least, *upon speaking terms*. RITSON.

P. 200, l. 12. 13. *Is Edward your true King?
for I were loath,*

To link with him that were not lawful chosen.]

Here we have another instance of an impropriety into which Shakspeare has fallen by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. After Lewis has asked in the old play whether Henry was *lawful heir* to the crown of England, and has been answered in the affirmative; he next inquires whether he is *gracious*, that is, a favourite with the people. Shakspeare has preserved this latter question, though he made a variation in the former; not adverting that after a man has been *chosen* by the voices of the people to be their King, it is quite superfluous to ask whether he is popular or no. — Edward was in fact *chosen* King, both by the parliament and by a large body of the people assembled in St. John's fields. See Fabian, who wrote about fifty years after the time, p. 472. MALONE.

I do not perceive the impropriety of the King's ques-

question, or the cogency of the remark founded on it. Is it impossible that a King, elected by his people, should soon afterwards become unpopular? STEEVENS.

P. 200, l. 17. — that Henry was *unfortunate*,] He means, that Henry was unsuccessful in war, having lost his dominions in France, &c.

MALONE.

P. 200, l. 25. — 'an *eternal* plant:] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*; alluding to the plants of Paradise. WARBURTON.

In the language of Shakspeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a *perennial* one. STEEVENS.

The folio reads — an *external* plant; but as that word seems to afford no meaning, and as Shakspeare has adopted every other part of this speech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I suppose *external* was a mistake of the transcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto. MALONE.

P. 200, l. 29. *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,*] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blasting power; and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why *envy* is mentioned here, or whose *envy* can be meant; but the meaning is, that his love is superior to *envy*, and can feel no blast from the lady's *disdain*. Or, that, if Bona refuse to *quit* or *requite* his pain, his love may turn to *disdain*, though the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of *envy*. JOHNSON.

I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many

others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain. STEEVENS.

P. 201, l. 28. *You have a father able to maintain you:]* This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach. JOHNSON.

P. 201, last l. *Conveyance is juggling,* and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

P. 202, l. 27. — *to sooth your forgery and his,]* To soften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to sooth us, and to prevent our being exasperated by your forgery and his. MALONE.

P. 203, l. 8. Warwick's father came untimely to his death, being taken at the battle of Wakefield, and beheaded at Pomfret. But the author of the old play imagined he fell at the action at Ferry-bridge, and has in a former scene, to which this line refers, (See p. 340.) described his death as happening at that place. Shakspeare very properly rejected that description of the death of the Earl of Salisbury, of whose death no mention is made in this play, as it now stands; yet he has inadvertently retained this line which alludes to a preceding description that he had struck out; and this is another proof of his falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes following, and sometimes deserting, his original. MALONE.

P. 203, l. 12. — *guerdon'd—]* i. e. rewarded. STEEVENS.

P. 204, l. 22. — *fear thy King —]* That is, *fright thy King*. JOHNSON.

P. 204, l. 28. *And I am ready to put armour on.]* It was once no unusual thing for Queens themselves to appear in

armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be seen still in the Tower. STEEVENS.

P. 204, l. 32. *There's thy reward;*] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, whom the original copies call — a *Post*. STEEVENS.

P. 204, last but one l. — *and bid false Edward battle:*] This phrase is common to many of our ancient writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 205, l. 5. 7. — *if our Queen and this young Prince agree,*

*I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.]*

Surely this is a mistake of the copyist's. Hall, in the ninth year of K. Edward IV. says, "Edward Prince of Wales wedded Anne *second* daughter to the Earl of Warwick." And the Duke of Clarence was in love with the *elder*, the lady Isabel; and in reality was married to her five years before Prince Edward took the lady Anne to wife. And, in *King Richard the Third*, Gloster, who married this lady Anne when a widow, says:

"For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngest* daughter.

"What though I kill'd her husband and her father?"

i. e. Prince Edward, and King Henry VI. her father-in-law. See likewise Holinshed, in his *Chronicle*, p. 671 and 674. THEOBALD.

This is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward Prince of Wales (as Mr. Theobald has

observed) was married to Anne, the *second* daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

But notwithstanding this, his reading [*youngest* daughter] has, I think, been improperly adopted by the subsequent editors; for though in fact the Duke of Clarence married Isabella, the *eldest* daughter of Warwick, in 1468, and Edward Prince of Wales married Anne, his *second* daughter, in 1470; *neither* of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negotiating a marriage between Lady Bona and his King: so that there is no inconsistency in the present proposal. Supposing, however, that the original author of this play made a mistake, and imagined that the *youngest* daughter of Warwick was married to Clarence, I apprehend, he, and not his editor, ought to answer for it.

This is one of the numerous circumstances which prove that Shakspeare was not the *original* author of this play; for though here, as in a former passage, he has followed the old drama, when he afterwards wrote his *King Richard III.* and found it necessary to consult the ancient historians, he represented Lady Anne, as she in fact was, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, and the *youngest* daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

MALONE.

Is it improbable then that Shakspeare should have become more accurate as he grew older? Might he not, previous to the composition of a later play, have furnished himself with that knowledge of history which was wanting in his dramatic performance of an earlier date? STEEVENS.

P. 208, l. 8-10. 'Tis better using France,
than trusting France: &c.]

This has been the advice of every man who in any

age understood and favoured the interest of England. JOHNSON.

P. 208, l. 27. 28. — *you would not have bestowed the heir*

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,] It must be re-

membered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.

P. 209, l. 10. *That I was not ignoble of descent,]* Her father was

Sir Richard Widville, knight, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

MALONE.

P. 210, l. 25. — *she was there in place.]* This expression, signifying, she was there *present*, occurs frequently in old English writers. MALONE.

En place, a Gallicism. STEEVENS.

P. 210, l. 27. — *my mourning weeds are done,]* i. e. are consumed, thrown off. The word is often used in this sense by the writers of our author's age.

MALONE.

P. 211, l. 11. 12. *Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.]*

I have ventured to make *elder* and *younger* change places in this line against the authority of all the printed copies. The reason of it will be obvious.

THEOBALD.

Clarence having in fact married Isabella, the

elder daughter of Warwick, Mr. Theobald made *elder* and *younger* change places in this line; in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors: The author of the old play, where this line is found, might from ignorance or intentionally have deviated from history, in his account of the person whom Clarence married. MALONE.

P. 211, l. 18. *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.]* That Clarence should make this speech in the King's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The King never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Post says to the King. JOHNSON.

When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the Queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." STEEVENS.

Clarence certainly speaks in the hearing of the King, who immediately after his brother has retired, exclaims, that he is gone to join with Warwick. MALONE.

P. 213, l. 17-21. *That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede, &c.]* See the tenth book of the Iliad. These circumstances, however, were accessible, without reference to Homer in the original. STEEVENS.

P. 214, l. 28-30. — *give me worship, and quietness,*

I like it better than a dangerous honour.] This honest Watchman's opinion coincides with that of Falstaff. STEEVENS.

P. 215, last l. *And come now to create you Duke of York,]* Might we not read with a slight alteration?

And come to new-create you Duke of York.
JOHNSON.

P. 216, l. 16. — *for his mind,]* That is, in his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

M. MASON.

P. 218, l. 26. Shakspeare follows his authority Holinshed, in the representation here given of King Edward's capture and imprisonment. But honest Raphael misled him, as he himself was misled by his predecessor Hall. The whole is untrue: Edward was never in the hands of Warwick. RITSON.

P. 221, l. 21. *For few men rightly temper with the stars:]* I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny; which King Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands. JOHNSON.

P. 223, first l. *Henry, Earl of Richmond.]* He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but no otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakspeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, and the King from whom James inherited. JOHNSON.

Henry Earl of Richmond was the son of Edmond Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the first Duke of Somerset. Edmond Earl of Richmond was half-brother to King Henry the Sixth, being the son of that King's mother Queen Catharine, by her second husband Owen Teuther or Tudor, who was taken prisoner at the battle

of Mortimer's Cross, and soon afterwards beheaded at Hereford.

Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint; but either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or as Bacon supposes, the Pope refused, lest "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints."

MALONE.

P. 223, l. 23. — who *attended him*] i. e. waited for him. STEEVENS.

P. 224, l. 22. — *Lord* —] Mr. M. Mason recommends the omission of this word. REED.

"Leave out the word *Lord*," says one of our author's commentators. If we do not closely attend to his phraseology and metre, and should think ourselves at liberty to substitute modern phraseology and modern metre, almost every line in his plays might be altered. MALONE.

That there is a marked discrimination between ancient and modern phraseology, no man will deny; but, surely, ancient and modern five-foot verses can have no corresponding difference. Where, in general, shall we find more perfect and harmonious metre than that of Shakspeare? His irregular lines are therefore justly suspected of having suffered from omission or interpolation.

STEEVENS.

P. 226, l. 6. *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed. JOHNSON.

P. 227, l. 25. *The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.*] This French word *bruit* was very early made a denizen of our language. Thus in the Bible; "behold the noise of the *bruit* is come." — Jeremiah, x. 22.

WHALLEY.

P. 228, l. 25. SCENE VIII.] This scene is, perhaps, the worst contrived of any in these plays. Warwick has but just gone off the stage when Edward says:

"And towards Coventry hend we our course,
"Where peremptory Warwick now remains."

M. MASON.

This scene in the original play follow immediately after Henry's observation on young Richmond, which is in the sixth scene of the present play. MALONE.

P. 229. l. 5. Oxf. *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the King, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader must concur in Dr. Johnson's opinion, as far as it relates to the second of these two speeches. STEEVENS.

P. 230, l. 17. — *my meed hath got me fame.*] *Meed* signifies reward. We should read — *my deed*, i. e. my manners, conduct in the administration. Warburton.

This word signifies *merit*, both as a verb and a substantive: that it is used as a verb, is clear

from the following foolish couplet which I remember to have read:

“Deem if I *meed*,

“Dear madam, *read*.”

A Specimen of Verses that read the same way backward and forward.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Meed here means *merit*, as it did in a former passage, when Edward says of himself and his brothers,

Each one already blazing by our *meeds*.

M. MASON,

P. 230, l. 55. *Shout within. A Lancaster!* [*A Lancaster!*] Surely the shouts that ushered King Edward should be, *A York! A York!* I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters.

JOHNSON.

We may suppose the shouts to have come from some of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. MALONE.

P. 231, l. 13-15. *And, Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,*

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:]

Warwick, as Mr. Mason has observed, has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where also Edward says,

And now towards Coventry let's bend our course,

To meet with Warwick and his confederates.

Some of our old writers seem to have thought, that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience. MALONE.

P. 231, l. 16, 17. *The sun shines hot, and,
if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.]*
The old play has *haie*.

I suspect, *haie* was inadvertently written in the manuscript instead of *aye*, and that Shakspeare was thus led to introduce an idea different from that intended to be conveyed by the original author.
MALONE,

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one; the allusion being to a well-known proverb — “Make *hay* while the sun shines.” STEEVENS,

P. 232, first l. — *at Dunsmore,]* The quartos read — *at Daintry: i. e. Daventry.* STEEVENS.

P. 232, l. 5. — *at Daintry,]* The quartos read — *at Dunsmore.* STEEVENS.

P. 233, l. 21. *I'll do thee service]* i. e. enroll myself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us that *servitium* is “that *service* which the tenant, by reason of his fee, oweth unto his Lord.”
STEEVENS.

P. 234, first l. *The King was slily finger'd
from the deck!]* The quartos read *finely* finger'd. *Finely* is subtly.
STEEVENS.

An instance of a *pack* of cards being called a *deck*, occurs in the *sessions paper*, for January, 1788. So that the term appears to be still in use.
RITSON.

P. 234, l. 2. *You left poor Henry at the
Bishop's palace,]* The palace of the Bishop of London. MALONE.

P. 234, l. 8. *Nay, when?]* This exclamation, expressive of impatience, has already occurred in *King Richard II.* STEEVENS.

P. 235, l. 15-18. *Two of thy name, both
Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of
York;*

And thou shalt be the third, —] The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of Saint Alban's, 1455. The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present Duke Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken prisoner at Tewksbury 1471, and there beheaded, his brother John losing his life in the same fight. RITSON.

P. 236, l. 2. — *to lime the stones —*] That is, to cement the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

P. 236, l. 5. — *blunt, unnatural,*] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. JOHNSON.

P. 236, l. 9. 10. — *more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his
daughter.*] See Book of Judges, xi. 30. STEEVENS.

P. 236, l. 27. *O passing traitor,*] Eminent, egregious; traiterous beyond the common track of treason. JOHNSON.

P. 237, l. 9. *For Warwick was a bug, that
fear'd us all. —*] Bug is a bugbear, a terrific being. JOHNSON.

To fear in old language frequently signifies, to terrify. MALONE.

P. 237, l. 21-23. *Thus yields the cedar to
the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely
eagle,*

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;] It has been observed to me that the 31st chapter of the prophet Ezekiel suggested these images to

Shakspeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."

STEEVENS.

P. 238, l. 6. *My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,*] This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

P. 238, l. 7. 8. — *of all my lands, Is nothing left me, but my body's length!*] Camden mentions in his *Remains*, that Constantine, in order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "this is all thou shalt have when thou art dead, if thou canst happily get so much." MALONE.

P. 239, l. 1. 2. *Which sounded like a cannon in a vault, That might not be distinguish'd;*] The old quarto reads *clamour*, which is undoubtedly right, *i. e.* a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, could not be distinguished. This was a pertinent similitude: the other absurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate. WARBURTON.

That is, like the *noise* of a cannon in a vault, *which*, &c. Shakspeare's alteration here is perhaps not so judicious as many others that he has made. In the old play, instead of *cannon* we have *clamour*. MALONE.

The indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family *vault*, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds, might have attracted our author's notice: it has too often forced itself on mine. STEEVENS.

P. 246 — 244. to SCENE IV.] This scene is ill-contrived, in which the King and Queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered. JOHNSON.

P. 243, l. 24. To *gainsay* is to unsay, to deny, to contradict. STEEVENS.

P. 243, l. 25. — *I drink the water of my eyes.*] This phrase is scriptural. "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them *tears* to *drink*." Psalm lxxxv. 5. STEEVENS.

P. 244, l. 13. *Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:*] A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. MALONE.

P. 244, l. 14. *Somerset,*] Edmond Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, the second son of Edmond Duke of Somerset who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans. MALONE.

P. 245, l. 19. *Let Aesop fable in a winter's night: &c.*] The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Aesop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. JOHNSON.

P. 245, l. 29. 30. *Peace wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.*] The meaning is, I will compel you to be as silent, as you would be, if you were *charm'd*, if you were deprived of speech by the power of enchantment. MALONE.

P. 246, l. 4. *K. Edw.* Take that, *the likeness of this railer here.*] Thou that resemblest thy railing mother.

JOHNSON.

The old copies describe *Edward* as striking the first blow, and *Gloster* the next; and, I believe,

rightly, for history informs us that *Edward* smote the Prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest despatch'd him. The words *srawl'st thou?* seem evidently to belong to *Richard*; and I have therefore continued them to him on the authority of ancient editions, in preference to the allotment of modern innovation. STEEVENS.

P. 246, l. 15. — to fill the world with *words?*] i. e. dispute, contention. STEEVENS.

P. 247, l. 5. 6. You have no children, *butchers!* if you had,

The thought of them would *have stirr'd up remorse:*] The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*; and this passage may serve as a comment on that. BLACKSTONE.

The original play reads:

You have no children, *devils*; if you had,

The thought of them would *then have stop't your rage.*

This thought occurring also (as Sir William Blackstone has observed) in *Macbeth*, may perhaps be urged as a proof of Shakspeare's being the author of the first draught, as well as of the alterations and additions to it. MALONE.

P. 246, l. 24-35. and P. 247, l. 1-11. The condition of this warlike Queen would move compassion, could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood. JOHNSON.

But surely it does move our compassion, though that be not forgotten. When we see any of our fellow-creatures involved in deep distress, from a just and tender cause we attend only to their present sufferings, and not to their former crimes.

M. MASON.

P. 247, l. 25-27. — *but thou usest to forswear thyself;*

'Twas sin before,] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence. JOHNSON.

P. 247, l. 28. — where is that *devil's butcher*, —] Thus all the editions. But *devil's butcher*, in other terms, I think, is *kill-devil*: rare news for the free-thinkers, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote — *devil-butcher*; and the first part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning execrable, infernal, devilish. THEOBALD.

Devil's butcher, is a butcher set on by the devil. Either reading may serve without so long a note. JOHNSON.

P. 249, l. 8. *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*] Roscius was certainly put for Richard by some simple conceited player who had heard of Roscius and of Rome; but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety.

I know not, however, that it is proved, on classical authority, that *Roscius*, though generally a comedian, was no occasional actor in tragedy. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, says, "Not *Roscius* nor *Aesope*, those admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen."

STEEVENS.
Dr. War-

Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, instead of *Rosc-*
cius, because Roscius was a comedian. That he
 is right in this assertion, is proved beyond a doubt
 by a passage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [pro-
 bably Sir Walter Rawlinson] in the *Gentleman's*
Magazine, Vol. LIV. P. II. p. 886. "Roscius
 citator, Aesopus gravior fuit, quod *ille comoe-*
dias, hic tragoedias egit." QUINTIL. Lib. XI. c.
 iii. — But it is not in Quintilian or in any other
 ancient writer we are to look in order to ascertain
 the text of Shakspeare. Roscius was called a *tra-*
gedian by our author's contemporaries, as appears
 from the quotations in the preceding note; and
 this was sufficient authority to him, or rather to
 the author of the original play, for there this line
 is found. MALONE.

P. 249, l. 14. And I, the hapless *male to one*
sweet bird,] The word
male is here used in a very uncommon sense, not
 for the male of the female, but for the male
 parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince
 Edward. M. MASON.

P. 249, l. 18. — a *peevish* fool —] As *peevish-*
ness is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to
 signify *childish*; and by consequence *silly*. *Peevish*
 is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr.
 Warburton. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare employs the word *peevish* in the
 same sense in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will
 find many instances of this use of it. STEEVENS.

This epithet which Shakspeare has so frequently
 employed, was one of his additions to the original
 play. The ordinary signification of *peevish* in our
 poet's time was *foolish*. See Minsheu's Dict. 1617,
 in v. MALONE.

P. 250, l. 6. *Which now mistrust no parcel
of my fear ;]* Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNSON.

P. 250, l. 18. *The raven rook'd her on the
chimney's top,]* To rook,
or rather to ruck, is a north-country word, signi-
fying to squat down, or lodge on any thing.

STEEVENS.

P. 250, l. 22. — *an indigest deformed lump,]*
The folio has — *indigested*. But the metre and
the old play show that it was a misprint. Shak-
speare uses the word *indigest* in *King John*.

MALONE.

P. 250, l. 28. *Thou cam'st —]* Had our
editors had but a grain of sagacity, or due dili-
gence, there could have been no room for this
absurd break, since they might have ventured to
fill it up with certainty too. The old quarto
would have led them part of the way:

Thou cam'st into the world —

And that the verse is to be compleated in the
manner I have given it, is incontestible; for un-
less we suppose King Henry actually reproaches
him with this his preposterous birth, how can
Richard in his very next soliloquy say,

“Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;

“For I have often heard my mother say,

“I came into the world with my legs forward.”

I can easily see, that this blank was caused by
the nicety of the players, to suppress an indecent
idea. But, with submission, this was making but
half a cure, unless they had expunged the repeti-
tion of it out of Richard's speech too. THEOBALD.

P. 251, l. 16. *Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry
told me of;]* Namely,

that my birth was attended with singular circumstances. MALONE.

P. 251, last l. *But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:]* But I will choose out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you. To sort is to select. STEEVENS.

P. 253, l. 17. *Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.]* I believe we should read:

—— *and this shall execute.*

Richard laying his hand on his forehead says:

Work thou the way ——

then bringing down his hand, and beholding it,

—— *and this shall execute.*

Though *that* may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:

Work thou the way, and *thou* shalt execute.

I suppose he speaks this line, first *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand*. STEEVENS.

P. 254, l. 10. *Triumphs* are publick shows. This word has occurred too frequently to need exemplification in the present instance. STEEVENS.

THE following SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the times and places of the several battles fought between the two houses of York and Lancaster, and of the numbers killed on both sides, is given by Trussel, at the end of his *History of England*, a book of little value, but in matters of this kind tolerably correct. I have compared his account with our earliest historians, and in some places corrected it by them.

1. THE BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, fought on the 23d of May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet,

Duke of York, and King Henry VI. In this battle the Duke of York was victorious, and Henry was taken prisoner.

KILLED, on the royal side 5041, (among whom were Edmond Duke of Somerset, Henry Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, and Thomas Lord Clifford;) on the side of the Duke of York, 600. TOTAL—5641.

2. THE BATTLE OF BLOARHEATH in Shropshire, fought on the 30th of September 1459, between James Lord Audley on the part of King Henry, and Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury on the part of the Duke of York; in which battle Lord Audley was slain, and his army defeated.

KILLED—2411.

3. THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON, 20th of July, 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, Earl of March, eldest son of the Duke of York, and Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick, on the one side, and King Henry on the other: in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED—1035, among whom were John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Sir William Lucy.

4. THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD, December 30, 1460, between Richard Duke of York and Queen Margaret; in which the Duke of York was defeated.

KILLED—2801, among whom were the Duke of York, Edmond Earl of Rutland his second son, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, his base uncles, and the Earl of Shrewsbury. Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury was in this battle taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret.

5. THE BATTLE OF MORTIMER'S CROSS, in Herefordshire, on Candlemas-day, 1460-1, between Edward Duke of York, on the one side, and Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and James Butler Earl of Wilt-

shire, on the other; in which the Duke of York was victorious.

KILLED — 3800, among whom was Sir Owen Tuther or Tudor, who married Queen Katharine, the widow of King Henry V.

6. THE SECOND BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, February 17, 1460-1, between Queen Margaret on one side, and the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Warwick on the other; in which the Queen obtained the victory.

KILLED — 2303, among whom was Sir John Grey, a Lancastrian, whose widow, Lady Grey, afterwards married King Edward the Fourth.

7. THE ACTION AT FERRYBRIDGE, in Yorkshire, March 28, 1461, between Lord Clifford on the part of King Henry, and the Lord Fitzwalter on the part of the Duke of York.

KILLED — 230, among whom were Lord Fitzwalter, John Lord Clifford, and the bastard son of the Earl of Salisbury.

8. THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, four miles from York, Palm-Sunday, March 29, 1461, between Edward Duke of York and King Henry; in which King Henry was defeated.

KILLED — 37,046, among whom were Henry Percy Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Lords Nevil, Beaumont, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Gray, Dacres, and Fitzhugh. The Earl of Devonshire was taken prisoner, and soon afterwards beheaded at York.

9. THE BATTLE OF HEDGELEY MOOR, in Northumberland, April 29, 1463, between John Nevil Viscount Montague, on the part of King Edward IV. and the Lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of King Henry VI.: in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED — 108, among whom was Sir Ralph Percy.

10. THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, May 15, 1463, between Viscount Montague and King Henry, in which that King was defeated.

KILLED — 2024. Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and the Lords Roos and Hungerford fighting on the side of King Henry, were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards beheaded.

11. THE BATTLE OF HEDGECOTE, four miles from Banbury, July 25, 1469, between William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, on the part of King Edward, and the Lords Fitzhugh and Latimer, and Sir John Conyers, on the part of King Henry; in which the Lancastrians were defeated.

KILLED — 5009. The Earl of Pembroke and his brother, Richard Widville Earl of Rivers, father to King Edward's Queen, Sir John Widville, John Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, the Lords Willoughby, Stafford and Wells, were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards beheaded.

12. THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD, in Lincolnshire, October 1, 1469, between Sir Robert Wells and King Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken prisoner. The vanquished who fled, in order to lighten themselves, threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Losecoatfield*.

KILLED — 10,000.

13. THE BATTLE OF BARNET, on Easter-Sunday, April 14, 1471, between King Edward on one side, and the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague and the Earl of Oxford on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Lancastrians were defeated.

KILLED — 10,300; among whom were the Earl

of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague, the Lord Cromwell, and the son and heir of Lord Say.

In a letter which was written at London four days after the battle of Barnet, the total number killed on both sides is said to have been "more than a thousand." *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 65. Fabian, the nearest contemporary historian, says 1500.

The custom among our old writers of using Arabick numerals, has been the cause of innumerable errors, the carelessness of a transcriber or printer by the addition of a cipher converting hundreds into thousands. From the inaccuracy in the present instance we have ground to suspect that the numbers said to have fallen in the other battles between the houses of York and Lancaster, have been exaggerated. Sir John Paston, who was himself at the battle of Barnet, was probably correct.

14. THE BATTLE OF TEWKSBURY, May 3, 1471, between King Edward and Queen Margaret, in which the Queen was defeated, and she and her son Prince Edward were taken prisoners.

On the next day the Prince was killed by King Edward and his brothers, and Edmond Duke of Somerset beheaded.

KILLED—5,032. Shortly afterwards, in an action between the bastard son of Lord Falconbridge and some Londoners, 1092 persons were killed.

15. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH, in Leicestershire, August 22, 1485, between King Richard III. and Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII. in which King Richard was defeated and slain.

KILLED, on the part of Richard, 4,013, among whom were John Duke of Norfolk, and Walter Lord Ferrers; on the part of Richmond, 181.

The TOTAL NUMBER of persons who fell in this contest, was NINETY-ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-SIX. MALONE.

The three parts of *King Henry VI.* are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of *King John*, *Richard II.* or the tragic scenes of *King Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take these plays from

Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakspeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskillfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakspeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *King Henry V.* and apparently connects the first act of *King Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *King Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *King Henry VI.* and of *King Henry V.* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies

taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer. JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impression), 1630:

“—— for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*), that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them, this therefore I was the willing;” &c. COLLINS.

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen Dr. Johnson's supposition, viz. that most of the fragments of Latin verses, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inserted in the former, they are shamefully corrupted and misspelt. The auditor who understood English, might be unskill'd in any other language. STEEVENS.

I formerly coincided with Dr. Johnson on this subject, at a time when I had examined the two old plays published in quarto under the title of *The Whole Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster*, in two parts, with less attention than I have lately done. That dramas were sometimes imperfectly taken down in the theatre, and afterwards published in a very mutilated state, is proved decisively by the prologue to

a play entitled *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Thomas Heywood, 1623:

“——’Twas ill nurst,

“And yet receiv’d as well perform’d at first;

“Grac’d and frequented; from the cradle age

“Did throng the seats, the boxes, and the stage,

“So much, that some by *stenography* drew

“The plot, *put it in print*, scarce one word true:

“And in that lameness it has limp’d so long,

“The author now, to vindicate that wrong,

“Hath took the pains upright upon its feet

“To teach it walk; — so please you, sit and see it.”

But the old plays in quarto, which have been hitherto supposed to be imperfect representations of the second and third parts of *King Henry VI.* are by no means mutilated and imperfect. The scenes are as well connected, and the versification as correct, as that of most of the other dramas of that time. The fact therefore, which Heywood’s prologue ascertains, throws no light upon the present contested question. MALONE.

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by Shakspeare. The question, who did write them? is, at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable: nay, some author’s express for it great horrors of repentance. — I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question: the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not

written by Shakspeare, from Shakspeare himself. The *Chorus* at the end of *King Henry V.* addresses the audience

“ ——— For *their* sake,

“ In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take.”

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty, to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *King Henry VI.* — His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story*: and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages. FARMER.

It is seldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to inforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want somewhat of their usual weight. I think that Shakspeare's bare mention of these pieces is a sufficient proof they were his. That they were so, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himself from the spectator's recollection of their past success. For the sake of three historical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (says he) intreat your indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a stronger plea in his behalf, than any arising from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the same way of writing. Shakspeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previously given pleasure in the course of three of those histories; because he is a *bending*, supplicatory author, and not a literary bully, like Ben Jonson; and because he has ventured to exhibit a series of annals in a suite of plays, an attempt which 'till then had not received the sanction of the stage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wish to exclude the three dramas before us, together with *The Taming*

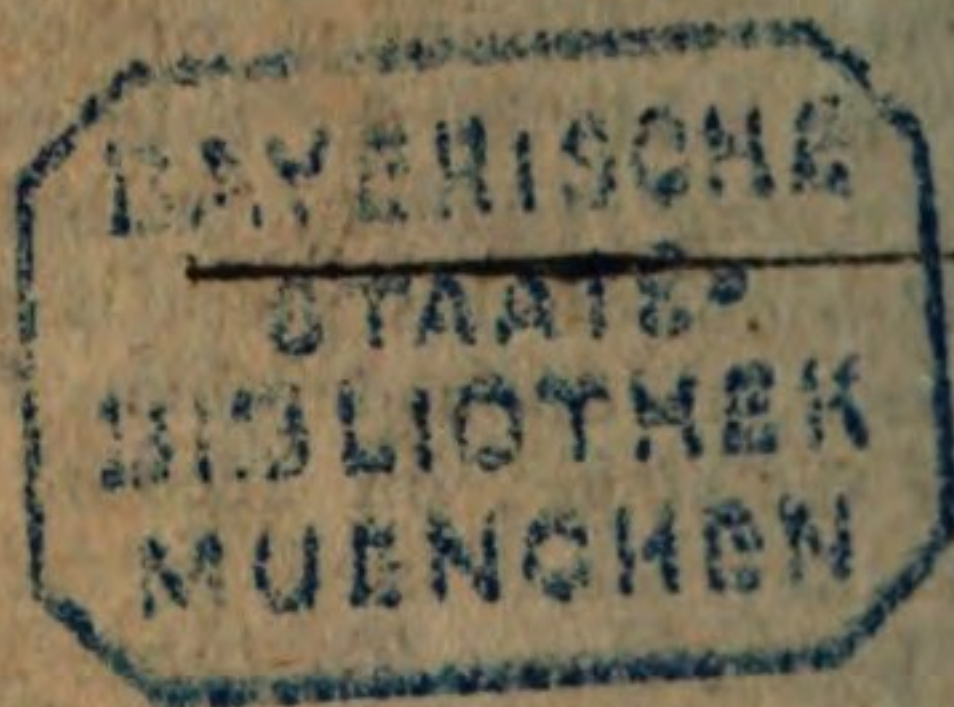
of a *Shrew*, from the number of those produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakspeare's want of learning are too strong to stand in need of such a support. STEEVENS.

Though the objections which have been raised to the genuineness of the *three plays of Henry the sixth* have been fully considered and answered by Dr. Johnson, it may not be amiss to add here, from a contemporary writer, a passage, which not only points at Shakspeare as the author of them, but also shows, that, however meanly we may now think of them in comparison with his latter productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a sufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealousy of the elder play-wrights. The passage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Green's Groatsworth of Witte*, supposed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and said, in the title-page, to be *published at his dying request*; probably, about 1592. The conclusion of this piece is an address to his brother poets, to dissuade them from writing any more for the stage, on account of the ill treatment which they were used to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, &c.* After having addressed himself particularly to *Christoper Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I guess from circumstances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third (perhaps *George Peele*); and having warned him against depending on so mean a stay as the players, he adds: *Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers,*

that with his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totum is, in his own conceit, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey. There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-scene* alludes to *Shakspeare*; or that *his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of York's speech to Margaret, *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, Act I. scene iv:

“Oh tygres heart, *wrapt in a woman's*
hide.” TYRWHITT.

END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.



Shakespeare, William,

The Plays of William Shakspeare

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